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No. 36.

# **MIRROR**

SAINT LOUIS



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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor



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## Behind the Scenes in Local Politics

By William Marion Reedy

BUT for the potency of Mr. Folk's record I should say that there are features of local political conditions which would seem to threaten the defeat of the Democratic city ticket.

In the first place I note that the city committee is unorganized and will so remain until after the election. The Butler element will not let the Hawes element organize the body and the Hawes men apparently don't want to organize if they have to take Louis Kunz for chairman, as Mr. Kunz is a Stuever man. Stuever would appear, therefore, to hold the balance of power in the committee after securing for his friends the nominations for some of the most important places on the city ticket. The Butler people do not wish, or have not been able to combine with Stuever against Hawes. They counted on Stuever's help to down Hawes in the primaries but he failed them, and they are "sore," while the Hawes men are distrustful of the brewer boss. The failure of the committee to organize leaves John R. McCarthy in the chair, and he is Butler through and through. McCarthy organized the rump convention in the thirty-first senatorial district where the Butlers are now making war upon the regular nominee, Thomas E. Kinney. They will not be able to defeat Kinney, but they will hurt the city ticket by the fight. As the old organization is hostile to Mr. Folk's interests, it follows that the money for the campaign—and there is precious little of it—will be handled in the wards through the Jefferson Club with Mr. Hawes as disburser. The Butler committeemen will do as little as they can for the ticket, and as much as they can against it.

The Butlers nominated Mr. E. E. Wood, "the unknown," for Congress in the Twelfth District, and there is war upon Wood. I want to be fair to Mr. Wood, and therefore say that no little of the opposition to him, possibly, grows out of the fact that he is a damage suit lawyer, or in legal slang, "an ambulance chaser," and as such has incurred the hostility of the corporation lawyers particularly those of the Transit Company now in the throes of dissolution, but the facts remain that Mr. Wood is a man who has lived here but a short time, is not representative of the district in any sense, is the nominee of Butler, and of no one else and is opposed by the better elements of the party. He will run against Mr. Harry M. Coudrey, a popular, able, clean and energetic business man who ought to and will defeat him.

Another factor against the city ticket's success is the conviction of Tom Barrett and John Dolan for naturalization frauds. Both men were leaders. Barrett was for some time on the State Committee and marshal of the Court of Appeals. Dolan was chairman of the City Committee when indicted. Their conviction being affirmed now revives and intensifies revolt against the so-called Democratic election-fraud

mill. That this feeling will hurt the party none but a fool can deny. The Republicans will "play up strong" on the Barrett-Dolan incident.

There is a great deal of bad feeling in many of the big wards where the Democrats have been strong. The vote will not be brought out as it used to be by captains, like Dwyer in the Twenty-sixth, Miles in the Third, Lavin in the Twenty-eighth, Gunsollis in the First, or by any one of the nine or ten Butler committeemen. Were there money in the treasury the captains might be placated, but "there isn't any stuff," aside from the sum raised by assessing the office holders. The big interests, the street railroads, lighting companies, banks, street paving companies, breweries and the like are not coming up with the coin. The committees, State and city, are pretty nearly "broke," and the result is "general apathy." The paralysis of the City Committee means that the campaign here will be solely in Mr. Hawes' hands. This is what the Butlers want. They wish, if possible, to defeat the ticket, and then put up indirectly the cry that Hawes betrayed Folk. I doubt if Mr. Stuever much likes the idea of Mr. Hawes running Mr. Folk's local campaign, since Stuever was for Folk when Hawes was fighting Folk. There is a chance then that those who want to drag down Hawes may do so by defeating the ticket while he is general manager. Still, Mr. Hawes knows his business, and if the Governor is "right," and the police follow suit, it will be unhealthy at the polls on election day for those who give battle to Mr. Hawes.

Under ordinary conditions, the state of affairs herein described would indicate that the city ticket would be swamped, but there's Folk. The people are for him. The Democrats will vote for him, and will not stop to scratch the ticket under him. Scratching is such a bother to most people. He will carry the ticket where it cannot carry itself, or wherever the organization may "lay down." The Democratic ticket is, on the whole, a better ticket than the Republican. Especially have the Democrats the better of it before the people in their judicial nominations. The judicial ticket of the Democrats is not "spotted." There is no fault to find with any man on the Democratic ticket. This being the case, the admirers of Folk will vote it straight down the line, and any scratching there is to be done will be done by trained experts in some of the disgruntled down-town wards. It must be remembered, too, that the Democrats have the best of the registration in the city, and a complete throw down seems impossible, especially with Folk campaigning for the ticket. Those who are in a position to judge such matters do not look for a great majority for the city ticket. They would be satisfied with a majority of from 1,500 to 2,500. Mr. Folk's city majority, however, ought to be much greater in spite of all gang scratching, since thou-

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sands of Republicans will vote for him. Cynics will say that "the majority will all lie in the count," but I don't think, with the fates of Barrett, Dolan and Garrett before them, in a national election, the loys who might do things in the polling places will take any chances. I imagine also that the police will be careful, if they cannot be good, especially as Garrett, one of those condemned to the "pen" wore a blue suit and a star when he got into trouble.

That the city campaign is stale on the Democratic side is no more evident than that the same condition exists on the Republican side. Indeed, there is the same dullness in both camps, and the same underlying discontent and disaffection in many wards. It seems to me that the politicians of each party are looking forward to the city election next spring with more interest than to this fall's election. The politicians are thinking about the mayoralty contest, and they wish the present struggle was over, so they might have a line on the spring campaign. The Democrats have a shade the best of the outlook, but the smouldering war in the organization now is bound to flame up in the spring campaign for mastery of the slate. I hear it said that if the present campaign comes out all right, Mr. Hawes may try for the Democratic mayoralty nomination, but this, I think, is projecting too far into the future. It is said that Mr. Charles H. Huttig of the Third Na-

tional Bank may try for the Democratic nomination. He would be a strong candidate. It would be especially interesting to watch a contest between him and Mr. Festus J. Wade of the Mercantile Trust Company for the nomination, though I think Mr. Wade would be a favorite in the betting, because of his possessing more of the political instinct in dealing with men of all sorts. Mr. Given Campbell may be a candidate, backed by Folk's closer following. There are other candidates, too, in the Democracy, more or less receptive. Meanwhile the Republicans seem sticking to the idea that their man for Mayor shall be Mr. Thomas K. Niedringhaus. It is, perhaps, in order to say that I don't wish to slight Mr. James J. Butler's candidacy for Mayor, when it shall have become a fact rather than a theory. This mayoralty matter in prospective, therefore, is what makes a queer complication in the local situation. Politicians in both parties are holding back until after election, when the real politics "to the knife and the knife to the hilt" will come into play. Mr. Folk will be Governor in January. He will have something to say through the State boards. His local enemies will form against him, and there will be such a ruction as the city never saw. No wonder, then, that the politicians of the city are inclined to let the city go as it may in November.

ment should ferret it out and let the public know. The sensational stories that have been in circulation have caused not a few ugly things to be hinted at which hurts not only the Fair but those who helped most to make it a success.



### To Force the Block System.

It looks at last as though the agitation for safer railroad travel is beginning to bear fruit. The frequent disasters on various roads of late, and the appalling loss of life and limb, have stirred the Interstate Commerce Commission to take up the public's side of the question. The commission has drafted a measure making the block system compulsory on all railroad lines, and this bill will be introduced in Congress at its next session. The railroad companies have always conceded the effectiveness of the block system in preventing wrecks, but the great expense which its adoption would necessitate, has been one of the drawbacks to its general use. The Interstate Commerce Commission's measure takes into consideration this question, and by giving the railroad companies until 1909 to complete and pay for the service, leaves no excuse for the transportation companies. It is not argued that the block system will completely do away with wrecks on the rail, but there is no doubt it will be effectual in reducing them to a minimum. The system has been in use for years on all lines in England, where disastrous railroad wrecks with great loss of life and many casualties are practically unknown. It has also been used, and with satisfactory results on a number of American railroads, and as it is the best means at present known, for averting such catastrophes as have been witnessed of late in different parts of the country, the question of expense should no longer be tolerated as an excuse for not adopting it. As a matter of fact, it is an economical device, and anything that can save money for a corporation or an individual nowadays is worth almost any price.



### The War Situation.

It appears that nothing short of revolution at home or armed interference by the united powers of the world will suffice to induce Russia to submit to mediation in the present war with Japan. The government at St. Petersburg has forestalled all friendly efforts of the other nations to end the struggle, and is evidently hoping for a big victory, carrying with it the relief of Port Arthur, to calm the masses at home and revive what little of patriotic spirit there is left in them. It is a slender thread on which to hang a hope, and it is doubtful if it would have the desired effect. The terrible drain made upon the bread-winners of the masses and the ever present fact that the war expense will eventually fall upon them in the form of increased taxation, have aroused the people to a realization of their terrible plight and, no doubt, the spirit of rebellion is stalking abroad right now in the Muscovite realms. Should a leader be found, a man of prominence and ability and resource, the ambition of Russia in the present struggle would soon have to be abandoned. The situation at the theater of war in Northern Manchuria at this writing, while slightly favorable to the Russians, holds forth little hope of any continued or great success. The Japanese have proven equally as brave and clever when on the defensive as when on the offensive. They quickly turned the great Russian advance movement into a terrible slaughter with all the handicap of inferior artillery and an extended front, and caused the Russian host to again withdraw toward Mukden. But the week's continuous fighting has

## Reflections



By William Marion Reedy

### The Hell of Politics

WAR is hell, but politics is worse. Think of the suffering caused by politics in St. Louis in the last two years. There are half a dozen men in the penitentiary and a dozen more seemingly on the way there for boodling or for naturalization frauds. Some of those who escaped the law's dragnet by a scratch are hopelessly damaged in reputation and depleted in purse. There are children going to school at whom the other children point with contempt crying out the nature of their fathers' crimes. There are wives who dare not leave their homes because of their husbands' shame before the world, wives in the divorce court because they do not wish longer to bear boodlers' names, wives insane through the disgrace of their liege lords. There are ex-politicians worn to shreds through the law's delay, which racks them even while it holds off vengeance. There are men ruined socially and in a business way, much in evidence all around us, as a result of politics. A millionaire or two has died of fear of exposure. Death has stalked in the homes of many accused. And the end, seemingly, is not yet. The misery grown out of politics in this city and State passes computation, and worst of it all is that the bitterest part of the affliction falls upon the innocent relatives of those who have been caught in the iron gin of petty politics, on the mothers, wives, children, brothers and sisters of the convicted and accused. The facts are more eloquent than many sermons, and the irony of the situation is that the sin and shame and pity of politics here displayed and exploited are but the excuse for more politics. On the misfortune and disgrace of the victims of politics still other embryo politicians hope to attain to place wherein they may flourish their brief hour and court

the danger in which they may perish. If ever there was a warning to the young man against politics it is in this city and this State, where so many have been ruined. Do these lost ones die the greater death that others following them may live and do better? Hardly. The game goes on as of old. The big interests must protect themselves in their strength through the weakness of the petty politician, and the great one too, and the whole arrangement is sending souls wholesale to hell. Good God!—But there is no god but a business God, and he is God's ape—the devil!



### What's the Row?

WHAT'S the row about in the Department of Admissions at the World's Fair? Why not let the truth be known? There has been more trouble in this department since the Fair opened than in all the others. There must be something wrong. First we were regaled with a tale about a wholesale conspiracy hatched by ticket takers to defraud the World's Fair. After much newspaper talk and Sherlock Holmes stunts the investigation was suddenly dropped and the public could learn nothing further save that two arrests were made and that neither prisoner would be prosecuted. Then on the heels of this came the story of the disappearance of a \$500 package of admission money on St. Louis day and no solution of the mystery. Then we had another conspiracy—this time to counterfeit World's Fair tickets, and this had no sooner subsided when a subordinate in the office declared his readiness to fire his boss or quit. There's a screw loose somewhere else all these sensations would not be cropping out and as suddenly retiring. If there is anything wrong in the conduct of the department the Fair manage-

left the Japanese quite exhausted, and to this fact, no doubt, is attributable the success of the Russians in checking their pursuers and opening the way for another advance movement. Should the Czar's forces prove superior to the enemy in recuperative power, victory may yet perch upon the Russian banner, and Port Arthur's brave defenders may be restored to the freedom they have so heroically earned. However, such an achievement is quite improbable, since the Japs have already proven themselves capable of coping with General Kuropatkin's large army both in numbers, fighting ability and strategy. In short, the brief Russian success near the Shakhe River may be only a demonstration or feint to facilitate the retreat of the greater part of his force.



## Woman and War.

WOMAN, God bless her, has suffered so many hardships and disappointments in this world—and she is patient, loving and kind withal—that it does seem unjust that a delegate to the International Peace Conference should hold her *particeps criminis* in the so-called crime of war. He declared that from earliest times woman's proneness to worship the uniformed hero going to or coming from the war, had done as much as anything to keep alive the military spirit and to make war a profession. If she has done all this, she has done it unconsciously, for there is no woman who has a craving in her heart for war. If she had she would not be a woman. But it is hard for her to see her sweetheart, brother, husband or father called away to service without giving them a grand farewell and a hearty reception on their return. Only in novels and occasionally in history do we find instances of the youth spurred to conflict by the chidings or wishes of his sweetheart. Take the women of Russia to-day. They surely cannot be said to be war worshippers, for they brave even the swords of the Cossacks in their efforts to prevent their loved ones going to the front. With all due respect to the convictions of the peace delegate, it must be said in defense of woman that if men did not call their brothers to service in the battlefield she would not be waiting to say her farewells.



## Pastor Janzow's Position.

HAS Pastor Janzow fooled the Lutheran Synod? It seems so. Instead of openly declaring before the governing body of the church that he would withdraw the \$45,000 damage suit instituted by him against eighteen members of his flock, he simply declared he was sorry the suit had caused so much trouble and promised that he would try to have it withdrawn. In return for his penitent remarks he received a glowing commendation from the Synod. But the end is not yet. If all signs are true Pastor Janzow may still feel the rod of discipline. What will the Synod say when it learns there was nothing to prevent him withdrawing at once his action for damages? And what will the other members of his flock think? The revelations in this case certainly prove the truth of the Synod's position—that no minister of the gospel should have recourse to law. No doubt Pastor Janzow thinks he has justification for his course of action but it might have been much better had he followed the precept to "forgive those who trespass against us." The spectacle of a clergyman dallying with litigation is certainly not edifying.



## Matrimonial Misery.

AMERICA and Americans are not alone in their matrimonial misery. England has some. This fact was discovered when Mr. George Meredith the "long

and short lease marriage" booster induced the *London Mail* to throw open its columns to a public discussion of the problem and the proposed remedy. Little did he dream of what was in store for the editors. The correspondence on the subject practically deluged the paper, encroaching upon the space until little was left for anything else, not even for so important a piece of news as the latest from the seat of war. They never suspected that little England could house so much matrimonial trouble. Talk about anvil choruses! They aren't in it with the bunch of English husbands, wives, maids, matrons and bachelors who took this opportunity to air their views on each other and marriage in particular. Many of the tirades were unfit for publication. So fierce did they become that the *Mail* found it necessary to abruptly throw up the sponge, announcing: "We now close the correspondence, with the more reason as day by day letters are reaching us which reveal depths of human misery upon which it would serve no good purpose to shed the light of publicity." With apparent feeling, the paper adds: "It has been a painful task to read some hundreds of letters which we have not published." Without retailing any of these lamentable contributions the following from a man who signs himself "Socialist" is perhaps worth quoting: "Marriage is a life sentence, not even reducible to a term of twenty years."



## War Making for Peace.

THE International Peace Conference could not have been held at a more appropriate time for the good of the cause of world peace. The idea has been sent home to the entire civilized world in resolutions and address simultaneous with the reports of the awful slaughter at Port Arthur and along the Shakhe

river in Manchuria. The frightful sacrifices of life and limb on both sides in the big engagement between Russ and Jap have not only brought the neutral nations to a realization of the beauties of peace, but both Russia and Japan have been staggered by the immensity of their losses. For the first time since the war began Japan has been forced by the news of last week's battles into an attitude favorable to peace. Thus we see that war itself, as the experts have always maintained, is the most potent factor in bringing about world peace. After what has been seen of modern conflict in the fields and passes of Manchuria few of the civilized powers from now on will be seen wearing the chip so jauntily upon their shoulder.



## One Diplomat's Troubles.

EVEN ministers plenipotentiary have troubles now and then. Take the case of Tchin Pom Y, the Korean representative at St. Petersburg. He's in an awful fix and no doubt he is one of the most enthusiastic advocates of peace in the world. Before the Russian-Japanese war began Tchin received his salary regularly from Korea, that is regularly enough to meet his obligations, but since the war he has n't seen any of the Korean long green at all. He is anxious to put several thousand miles between him and St. Petersburg, and he hasn't got a sou, and such a thing as free transportation or riding the blind baggage is out of the question. He only needs forty-eight thousand rubles to pay his debts and right now he does not know to whom he is to look for it. It may be Japan or it may be Russia. As to the latter government it hasn't any too kindly feelings for poor Tchin. This thing of being a plenipotentiary unless you have a "big stick" behind you is bad for the appetite.

# YSAYE The Greatest Violinist of the Day

By William B. Chase

YSAYE, whom the women call "Ee-zah-ee," accent ad libitum, and the men as often "Isaiah"—Ysaye, who shares with the King of the Belgians the honor of having had a paternal Government pay his bills in the art circles of Paris—Ysaye, who last saw America in '98, is a musical visitor to the United States this season. He returns here in mid-November for his third American tour. The penny paragraphers will have their fertile jest about his Belgian hair. The voice of the ten thousand violin students will be heard in Seventh avenue, and there will be weeping and bursting of gloves among the emotional footlight brigade. For are not Ysaye and Paderewski as the Castor and Pollux of the musical firmament, leading the violin and the piano players in mighty host advancing for a New York concert season?

It will be ten years almost to the day, since the eminent Belgian violinist first landed in this country,—young, comparatively slim and full of enthusiasm. The big stranger was a stouter and a wiser man when he came again three seasons later. Ysaye is said to stand six feet five and a half inches in his musical stocking feet, and though he is thinner this year, he still carries two hundred and seventy good pounds. He used to be devoted to cycling as an exercise. He enjoys the two recreations of the contemplative man, a pipe and a fishing line. He enjoys living.

Eugene Ysaye's home is in Brussels,—near the frowning Palais de Justice. There he lives with

his father, still an active man, and his wife, a Belgian army officer's daughter and a beautiful woman, whom he married in 1886. The little Ysayes have never been billed as accessories of publicity in America. Ysaye is decidedly a hard worker. He played in two hundred and twelve concerts in Europe last year alone. He conducted for the London Philharmonic. Earlier he played for the Berlin Philharmonic under Nikisch, a Bach concerto, and fifteen recalls told whether or not "the Belgians can play the classics" at last. He also organized, managed and conducted his own orchestra in Brussels without a guarantee, and paid all expenses the first season.

But who has told of the artist's original homecoming from the golden America? At the debut in November, 1894, appeared a mature artist and a poor man. The very singing instrument that seemed absorbed into his giant frame was a borrowed one, a Joseph Guarnerius violin that his sister-in-law had owned. But he went home the rich man of the tribe. When the magic of exchange had turned his fifty thousand dollars into a quarter of a million francs, was it any wonder that the musical Monte Cristo paid for that Cremona fiddle and played the home-loving prodigal with ten and fifteen thousand franc notes all around the family?

At Liege, six and forty years ago, Ysaye was born, of the Walloon or Gallic folk of eastern Belgium. His father, too, was a Belgian. The family name even thereabouts is unusual, however, and possibly hundreds of years ago in far eastern Europe

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it may have been "Isaiah," as Ysaye is once said to have remarked in his somber, joking way. In a Conservatory town and with his father's training the lad played in public at seven years old, and not again till he was fourteen.

Ysaye was ready in 1873 to make his way to Brussels, and knock at the door of Wieniawski. At fifteen years old, he played a Vieuxtemps concerto and was accepted. Three years later, Vieuxtemps himself heard the youth in Antwerp and interceded for the State scholarship that sent him to Massart, Wieniawski's teacher in Paris. He "finished" in 1881. Ten years of hard concert touring tested the mettle of the man. Men said in Europe that the mantle of Vieuxtemps had descended upon him.

The face of the man is impressive in spite of a double chin that will not be denied. The eyes are the key. Soft and tender as a woman's, they are thought to bespeak the poetic gift, the feeling, the temperament. The personality behind them has been likened to that of Rubinstein or Paderewski, the tenderness of its expression in music even to Sarasate's

It must not be forgotten that the manliness and sincerity of the player have caused him to be hailed as successor also to Joachim, whom he himself at Berlin the other day saluted as the "Father" among the violinists of his time. Ysaye has not to all ears the breadth of tone of Joachim in his prime or of Wieniawski. But to undisputed virility he adds exquisite delicacy of detail and mastery of phrasing.

It is true that Ysaye was at his full power when at six-and-thirty he made his American debut. He had earned many official decorations as leader of the Belgian school of violinists. He had a repertory of ninety-one pieces, among which there were fourteen concertos, seventeen sonatas, and no fewer than eleven compositions of his own.

"I have composed a great deal," he said, "but very few good ones; but I am happy to say I have not the habit of playing my own pieces."

Ysaye's greatness is his appeal, not to technicians alone, but to the heart of the plain man who hears him. Let hysterical adulation do its worst, its victim is counted the loving colossus of the violin.

Winkleton made a mental note of the total changes required, and the next day his wife had hardly time to get on the train before he was on his way to the upholsterer's. From thence he went to the decorator's, and then to the furniture dealer's. In the short week that followed—a week full of joy for Winkleton in anticipation of his wife's delight—the transformation was complete, and the room was exactly as if the lady of the house had superintended the matter herself. Winkleton could scarcely wait for her home-coming. Finally, however, the train rolled into the station. Once more they clasped hands. Winkleton trembled with excitement.

"My dear," he whispered, when they were on the horse-car, "I have a little surprise for you."

A look of suspicion came into Mrs. Winkleton's eyes. Her face fell. She had been surprised before by her husband, and always dreaded such things.

"Oh," she exclaimed. "What is it? Are you sure I will like it?"

"I know it!" exclaimed Winkleton. "This time I have done the right thing. Wait!"

They entered the house.

Winkleton preceded her, and stood dramatically in the door of the reception-room.

"Prepare yourself," he cried proudly.

Mrs. Winkleton entered, gave one look, and burst into tears. "I shall never forgive you for this!" she sobbed.

Her dumbfounded husband, wholly at a loss, gazed at her in amazement.

"Never forgive me!" he repeated. "Why, isn't this just the way you wanted it?"

Mrs. Winkleton, partially recovering, looked at him, in her eyes a whole world of reproach.

"Yes," she said, "of course it is. Why shouldn't it be? But you've cheated me out of it! You horrid mean old thing, don't you know that for months I've just looked forward to the pleasure of ordering all those things myself?"

## A Mean Man

By Tom Masson

"THERE is no use talking," said Mrs. Winkleton, "this room has got to be completely done over."

They were sitting in the front reception-room as they spoke, on their way upstairs from their dinner, and had stopped for a moment to rest.

"Yes," said Winkleton; "I suppose that's so. If you give that progressive euchre party next month that you are talking about I suppose you will want the place to look nice. Still—"

With the caution induced by a married career of some years' standing Winkleton now began to feel that he had perhaps gone too far toward a possible expenditure—

"Still, perhaps, we had better wait until the fall."

Mrs. Winkleton was an obedient and economical wife.

"Well, dear," she said meekly, "if you think we can't afford it we'll have to get along."

She arose and glanced somewhat critically and sadly around the room. The paper did show signs of wear. Two of the chairs needed re-covering. Then, it was rather bare. It needed another piece of furniture.

Winkleton had unconsciously arisen, and his own glance followed that of his wife. And then an impulse came over him, a kind of flood of extravagance that sometimes a wife's very meekness engenders. He would have the room fixed over. His wife was going away on a visit for a week. During her absence he would have it done, to surprise her. His eye glistened with sudden joy. But his experience prompted him to find out just how Mrs. Winkleton would have the room done. With a simulated air of resignation he said:

"Well, my dear, I suppose we shall have to wait. But it's rather nice to think of what could be done with this room, isn't it? Now, suppose we were going ahead to fix it up—just what would you do?"

Mrs. Winkleton turned decisively. There was no doubt in her mind; she had thought it all out.

"Why," she said, "I would have a plain paper—

you know that shade in the Smiths' front room? Well, like that; with a cream-tinted ceiling. Then I would move the molding up, and have it a gilt with a very fine stripe. This chair I would take out. The others I would have re-covered with about the same patterns as they have at present. Then I would get a new tete-a-tete—you remember that old-fashioned one we saw one day at Flumsey's—like that."

## The Play and the Public

By Clyde Fitch

THERE are two principal divisions of all plays—the Good Play and the Bad Play. Then these divisions are divided into two again—the Bad Play that draws, and the Good Play that does not. Then there are countless subdivisions, and divisions "on the side." Then by itself, in lonely grandeur, stands the Play That Is Too Good For The Public. Don't you believe it! The Play That Is Too Good For The Public is making the woman's excuse of "Because." The true Big Play makes the universal appeal to the plush minds downstairs and the unupholstered hearts in the gallery. The intellectual play can be good in its kind, so can the melodrama; you pay your money and you take your choice—unless you are a deadhead. The professional deadhead has naturally no point of view. He sees only the plays that are not good enough to attract whole audiences by themselves. I have heard of one honest, unprejudiced, fair-minded deadhead, who, after sitting quietly through two very bad acts of a play, himself silent in face of the jeers and sneers of his fellow-audience, finally in the second *entr'acte* went out and bought a ticket so that he might hoot and condemn the piece to his heart's content. Alas, the poor dead-

head! He is the lifeline thrown to a play drowning in a flood of public abuse!—the stomach pump used on a play poisoned by the critics!—the stimulant given a play frozen by the public cold shoulder; and sometimes—but how few times!—the medicine does save a life that's worth while.

To return to the play; the great play, of course, is the one that appeals to both the mind and the heart. Certain great men have done this. Certain other great men have done half; then their appeal is halved. They satisfy the intellectual on one side and the rest on the other. Shakespeare did it all—Moliere almost—certain Germans a great deal. Today, Ibsen, with his wonderful fundamental ideas, pleases the intelligent crowd, bores the romanticists and angers the beauty lover with his lack of all but intellectual beauty. Maeterlinck drugs the senses and delights the mind, and puzzles the popular opinion, and outrages the conventional attitude. Hauptmann and Sudermann satisfy and stimulate the intelligence, and put a cogwheel in the box-office—I am writing it must be understood purely of American audiences. All these are, of course, the boldest, best known examples and instances. I am using them

for that very reason, as I take it for granted this will not be read—at any rate not read through—by people who have made any serious study of the drama. I imagine myself to be writing for the general typical audience in a successful theater—people who've been to see "Candida" once—because it has been talked about—and like it but don't agree with the one, or else with the other, in general discussion—and "The Girl From Kay's" twice.

This is the audience that the manager dearly loves and the erudite critic fights. It is the antithesis of the deadhead gathering. They pay for their tickets and ask in return to be entertained. It is a composite gathering, difficult to please from all points of view; a gathering anxious to be amused, satisfied to be interested, willing to be moved, but absolutely intolerant of being bored. I think it would rather, in the bulk, be entertained by a worthy medium than an unworthy, and it stops to differentiate just about that much. At any rate it's sincere, this audience, which is more than I can say for some of its managers, actors, actresses and authors. It says frankly in effect that it wants to be entertained, interested; if in an artistic way, so much the better—as witness the great triumph always of good plays artistically done. But it will not be bored by "art for art's sake," if that art is "buncombe" and really art for business' sake! This audience is, to use a slang term, "fly." Moreover, it does not pretend it is the ideal audience. It openly confesses there is the big intellectual play, for some, but not for all of it. It only asks for itself to choose what it wants. In return it gives you an honest medium to work upon, generous in its approval and applause when it gets what it wants.

After all, this audience has a good disposition, and it doesn't really mind being taught something either, so long as you sneak in your lesson. Don't let it know what it is taking till the lesson is down. All this goes a long way—and it is not only in America that this audience rules. In London it is even more pleasure loving; for every one theater there where "prose drama" is played there are five play-houses where the Tune and the Girl reign in successful revolution. In Paris Antoine's Theater is small, and Rejane and Jeanne Granier and the theaters of the Boulevard draw the crowds. Even the Francais of late years has "hustled" to add to its repertoire amusing satirical pieces; last season giving one comedy which was accused by the critics of being almost a "vaudeville." It was a case of a miss being as good as a success. So those of us here who love the more serious theater must not feel we are any worse off than Paris and London so far as the temper and disposition of our audience are concerned. In Germany and Austria it is different. There they have a big, serious-minded audience which goes to the play at seven o'clock with a rested stomach and a free mind. And in Germany they do keep alive the fine plays, and keep a living repertoire of great ones.

Of course there is no real test, except time, by which to prove the great play. For great plays may have faults. It is their faults that make great men human, and why shouldn't it work so with plays, too? No man can say—true, some do!—this play will last, that will not, for the power of prophecy went out with the days of the sibylline leaves. And the price our journals pay for knowing the news of the moment is the news of the future.

The plays that have lasted are valuable to us as literature and as documents. Technic never has kept a play alive through the centuries. Technic alone is machinery, and we improve all machinery year by year. Outside of their literature, many of Shakespeare's plays are documents of hourly life

and manners in the days of Elizabeth, and if you are interested in knowing what life was in town and country before and during the Restoration read Wycherley, Congreve, Beaumont and Fletcher. You will find there the small human document you won't get out of history *per se*. So Sheridan reproduces the social Georgian era, Oscar Wilde the late Victorian, and in France Lavedan, Hervieu and Capus are giving the Paris and France of the twentieth century for future generations to reproduce for themselves if they wish.

I feel myself very strongly the particular value—a value which, rightly or wrongly, I can't help feeling inestimable—in a modern play of reflecting absolutely and truthfully the life and environment about us; every class, every kind, every emotion, every motive, every occupation, every business, every idleness! Never was life so varied, so complex; what a choice, then! Take what strikes you most in the hope it will interest others. Take what suits you most to do—what perhaps you can do best—and then do it better. Be truthful, and then nothing can be too big, nothing should be too small, so long as it is here, and *there!* Apart from the question of literature, apart from the question of art, reflect the real thing with true observation and with sincere feeling for what it is and what it represents, and that is art and literature in a modern play. If you inculcate an idea in your play,

so much the better for your play and for you—and for your audience. In fact, there is small hope for your play as a play if you haven't some small idea in it somewhere and somehow, even if it is hidden—it is sometimes better for you if it is hidden, but it must of course be integral. Some ideas are mechanical. Then they are no good. These are the ideas for which the author does all the work, instead of letting the ideas do the work for him. One should write what one sees; but observe under the surface. It is a mistake to look at the reflection of the sky in the water of theatrical convention. Instead look up and into the sky of real life itself.

Of course one can do all this and still have no play at all. There must be, first and last and in the middle, always the Play. That is what the writer who has not his technic misses. The other thing, on the other hand, is so often missed by the technician. The greatest example to-day of the technician and idea-ist, working together, is Ibsen. But that doesn't mean Ibsen is a great popular dramatist. He is not, because of the other thing he lacks. Oscar Wilde was not flawless in his technic, but each play has its inherent idea, and each reflects absolutely that modern social life it represents. Pinero has proved himself a master of technic, and so has Henry Arthur Jones and both men love a play with an idea. But no one at the present moment is getting the essence of his environment in thought, word and deed, as Hervieu, Lavedan, Donnay and Capus. Hervieu with the idea for the basic principle—the idea serious—Lavedan and Donnay the idea social; Capus, all sorts of ideas together!—any old idea!—so long as it is always life—especially the life superficial with the undercurrent really kept under. Mind you, a very good play can be built which is false to life, misrepresenting it, maliciously or through ignorance. The motives of the play may be true, and they will give it success, but it will not be literature and it will not be art—poor, bedraggled word! It has begun almost to take on the shoddy hues of the word "lady." "Lady" we have replaced with "woman," but our language is not rich enough to give us a word or a phrase even to use instead of much abused "art."

"Realism" is another sufferer. With two-thirds of the general public "realism" means something ugly, or horrible, or puerile. A beautiful thing may be portrayed realistically as well as a brutal thing. Realism is only *simplicity* and *truth*. The great effort in the theater is to create an illusion, both as to practical scene and as to story. Realism in the emotions of the play, and in the paraphernalia of the scenes, is the greatest adjunct to both. The one great gift so far of the modern stage is realism, to make up to us for some of the poetry and imagination of which it has robbed us. And yet realism is not opposed to poetry and imagination. Because some people have disliked some form of realism they have rejected the whole. As a matter of fact, it is the audiences themselves, whether they like it or not, who have created the demand for realism. The audience to-day knows a great deal. I'm not sure it doesn't know too much. It is not easily deceived, not easily convinced. It does not go to the theater like the child who delightedly starts to play with "let's pretend"—not at all! It keeps out of the game, and watches others "pretend," never crossing the footlights itself, but from its own ground criticizes even with its emotions. I suppose it's all right. Every time, every period has its own mark of individuality, and after all, criticize and talk about the theater as you will, good and bad, wrong and right, art and business, since the world began, these same charms boiled in the caldron! It's all in the day's Play!

## O Lawd! Oh--lan'lawd!

BY E. J. SALISBURY

The lan'lawd's settin' on top his fence—

O Lawd! Oh—lan'lawd!

He's livin' high an' at my expense—

O Lawd! Oh—lan'lawd!

He's got mo' nails, an' he's got mo' boa'ds,

An' he's got mo' gall 'n a hog affoa'ds;

Gwine t' buil mo' fence, an' collec' mo' rent,

Till he gits this niggah man's las' red cent!

O Lawd! Oh—lan'lawd!

The moon's tu'n red an' the sky's tu'n black—

O Lawd! Oh—lan'lawd!

Ole Nick's gwine home an' he won't be back—

O Lawd! Oh—lan'lawd!

His wuk's done finish' on top this earth,

An' he laugh t' hissef fo' all he's worth;

An' he say t' the man on the fence up there:

"You mus' run things now while I go somewhere."

O Lawd! Oh—lan'lawd!

The sistahs weep an' the eldahs pray—

But Lawd! Oh—lan'lawd!

The preachah's got a whole lot to say—

O Lawd! Oh—lan'lawd!

But, you that's talkin', jus' tu'n me loose,

Fo' yo' can't fo' true, give a good excuse

Fo' the pa'dnin' grace that the lan'lawd gits

When he comes to meetin' an' draps two bits.

O Lawd! Oh—lan'lawd!

The soul an' stomach—they fus' rate friends—

O Lawd! Oh—lan'lawd!

The things life borries, why earth it len's—

O Lawd! Oh—lan'lawd!

But this the thing that the lan'lawd say:

"It's the earth that len's, but it's me you pay."

An' he'll skin yo' clothes neahly offen yo' backs

'Less you bus' his game with the single tax—

O Lawd! No—lan'lawd!

## Double Ballade of the Nothingness of Things

By William Ernest Henley

THE big teetotum twirls,  
And epochs wax and wane  
As chance subsides or swirls;  
But of the loss and gain  
The sum is always plain.  
Read on the mighty pall,  
The weed of funeral  
That covers praise and blame,  
The -isms and the -anities,  
Magnificence and shame:—  
'O Vanity of Vanities!'

The Fates are subtle girls!  
They give us chaff for grain.  
And Time, the Thunderer, hurls,  
Like bolted death, disdain  
At all that heart and brain  
Conceive, or great or small,  
Upon this earthly ball.  
Would you be knight and dame?  
Or woo the sweet humanities?  
Or illustrate a name?  
O Vanity of Vanities!

We sound the sea for pearls,  
Or drown them in a drain;  
We flute it with the merles,  
or tug and sweat and strain;  
We grovel, or we reign;  
We saunter, or we brawl;  
We answer, or we call;  
We search the stars for Fame,  
Or sink her subterraneanities;  
The legend's still the same:—  
'O Vanity of Vanities!'

Here at the wine one birls,  
There some one clanks a chain.  
The flag that this man furls  
That man to float is fain.

Pleasure gives place to pain:  
These in the kennel crawl,  
While others take the wall.  
*She* has a glorious aim,  
*He* lives for the inanities.  
What comes of every claim?  
O Vanity of Vanities!

Alike are clods and earls.  
For sot, and seer, and swain,  
For emperors and for churls,  
For antidote and bane,  
There is but one refrain:  
But one for king and thrall,  
For David and for Saul,  
For fleet of foot and lame,  
For pieties and profanities,  
The picture and the frame:—  
'O Vanity of Vanities!'

Life is a smoke that curls—  
Curls in a flickering skein,  
That winds and whisks and whirls,  
A figment thin and vain,  
Into the vast Inane.  
One end for hut and hall!  
One end for cell and stall!  
Burned in one common flame  
Are wisdoms and insanities.  
For this alone we came:—  
'O Vanity of Vanities!'

### ENVOY.

Prince, pride must have a fall.  
What is the worth of all  
Your state's supreme urbanities?  
Bad at the best's the game.  
Well might the Sage exclaim:—  
'O Vanity of Vanities!'

## A Great Physician on Immortality

### Dr. Osler's Ingersoll Lecture

THE brilliant, though pessimistic, address on "Science and Immortality" delivered by Dr. William Osler as the Ingersoll lecture at Harvard University this year has just appeared in book form. Dr. Osler stands well at the head of the medical profession in America and is accounted the most brilliant orator in his fraternity. He is Canadian by birth, but has spent many years of his later professional life in Philadelphia and Baltimore. His recent appointment by the King of England as Regius Professor of Medicine at Oxford University crowns him as the highest medical authority in the British Empire.

In dealing with the existing conditions of thought

in relation to science and immortality, he divides those who think about the question of immortality at all, into three classes—"the Laodiceans," or those who, "while accepting a belief in immortality and accepting the phrases and forms of the prevailing religion, live practically uninfluenced by it;" "the Gallionians," a group "larger perhaps to-day than ever before in history," who "put the supernatural altogether out of man's life and regard the hereafter as only one of the many inventions he has sought for himself;" and a third, "the Teresians," who "lay hold with the anchor of faith upon eternal life as the controlling influence in this one."

Enlarging upon his first subdivision, the author says: "The natural man has only two primal pas-

sions—to get and to beget; to get the means of sustenance (and to-day a little more), and to beget his kind. Satisfy these and he looks neither before nor after, but goeth forth to his work and to his labor until the evening, and, returning, sleeps in Elysium without a thought of whence or whither. At one end of the scale the gay and giddy Cyrenaic rout—the society set of the modern world, which repeats with wearisome monotony the same old vices and the same old follies—cares not a fig for the life to come. Let us eat and drink; let us enjoy every hour saved from that eternal silence. . . . Even our more sober friends, as we see them day by day, interested in stocks and strikes, in baseball and 'bridge,' arrange their view of this world entirely regardless of what may be beyond the flaming barriers—*flam-mantia moenia mundi*. Where among the educated and refined, much less among the masses, do we find any ardent desire for a future life? It is not a subject for drawing-room conversation, and the man whose habit it is to buttonhole his acquaintances and inquire earnestly after their souls is shunned like the Ancient Mariner. Among the clergy it is not thought polite to refer to so delicate a topic except officially from the pulpit. Most ominous of all, as indicating the utter absence of interest on the part of the public, is the silence of the press, in the columns of which are manifest daily 'the works of the flesh. . . . And the eventide of life is not always hopeful; on the contrary, the older we grow, the less fixed, very often, is the belief in a future life. . . . As Howells tells us of Lowell, 'His hold upon a belief in a life after death weakened with his years.' Like Oliver Wendell Holmes, 'We may love the mystical and talk much of the shadows, but when it comes to going out among them and laying hold of them with the hand of faith, we are not of the excursion.'

The Gallionians are a class, according to Dr. Osler, more "common among naturalists and investigators than in men devoted to literature and the humanities," who "have either reached the intellectual conviction that there is no hope in the grave, or the question remains open, as it did with Darwin, and the absorbing interests of other problems and the everyday calls of domestic life satisfy the mind." The reasons for this attitude are attributed to the conclusions of science, by means of which "the views of man's origin, of his place in nature, and, in consequence, of his destiny" have been entirely modified. To science, "man is the one far-off event toward which the whole creation has moved, the crowning glory of organic life, the end-product of a ceaseless evolution which has gone on for eons, since, in some early pelagian sea, life first appeared, whence and how science knows not." In accounting for the fact that modern psychological science dispenses altogether with the soul, Dr. Osler says: "The association of life in all its phases with organization, the association of a gradation of intelligence with an arrest in cerebral growth in the child, the slow decay of mind with changes in the brain, the absolute dependence of the higher mental attributes upon definite structures, the instantaneous loss of consciousness when the blood supply is cut off from the higher centers—these facts give pause to the scientific student when he tries to think of intelligence apart from organization. Far, very far from any rational explanation of thought as a condition of matter, why should he consider the to him, unthinkable proposition of consciousness without a corresponding material basis? . . . The new psychologists have ceased to think nobly of the soul, and even speak of it as a complete superfluity."

There is an idea of immortality, however, which science promulgates. Thus: "Knowing nothing of

## Women and War

By Grace Isabel Colbron

an immortality of spirit, science has put on an immortality of the flesh, and in a remarkable triumph of research has learned to recognize in every living being at once immortal age beside immortal youth. The patiently worked out story of the morphological continuity of the germ plasma is one of the fairy-tales of science. You who listen to me to-day feel organized unity in a generation with clear-cut features of its own, a chosen section of the finely woven fringe of life built on the coral reef of past generations—and perhaps, if any, you, citizens of no mean city, have a right to feel of some importance. The revelations of modern embryology are a terrible blow to this pride of descent. The individual is nothing more than the transient offshoot of a germ plasma which has an unbroken continuity from generation to generation, from age to age. This marvelous embryonic substance is eternally young, eternally productive, eternally forming new individuals to grow up and to perish, while it remains in the progeny always youthful, always increasing, always the same. 'Thousands upon thousands of generations which have arisen in the course of ages were its products, but it lives on in its youngest generations with the power of giving origin to coming millions. The individual organism is transient, but its embryonic substance, which produces the mortal tissues, preserves itself imperishable, everlasting, and constant.' This astounding revelation not only necessitates a readjustment of our ideas on heredity, but it gives to human life a new and not very pleasant meaning. It makes us falter where we firmly trod to feel that man comes within the sweep of these profound and inviolate biological laws; but it explains why nature—so careless of the single life, so careful of the type—is so lavish with the human beads, and so haphazard in their manufacture, spoiling hundreds, leaving many imperfect, snapping them and cracking them at her will, caring nothing if the precious cord on which they are strung—the germ plasma—remains unbroken."

The attitude of the scientific student toward the third group, the Teresians, who, like St. Teresa, feel that to them is given to know the mysteries, should be, says Dr. Osler, one of reverence. Tho' his philosophy finds nothing to support it, "the scientific student should be ready to acknowledge the value of a belief in a hereafter as an asset in human life," for "in the presence of so many yet unsolved, he can not be dogmatic and deny the possibility of a future state." Moreover: "He will recognize that amid the turbid ebb and flow of human misery, a belief in the resurrection of the dead and the life of the world to come is the rock of safety to which many of the noblest of his fellows have clung; he will gratefully accept the incalculable comfort of such a belief to those sorrowing for precious friends hid in death's dateless night; he will acknowledge with gratitude and reverence the service to humanity of the great souls who have departed this life in a sure and certain hope—but this is all. Whether across death's threshold we step from life to life, or whether we go whence we shall not return, even to the land of darkness, as darkness itself, he can not tell. Nor is this strange. Science is organized knowledge, and knowledge is of things we see. Now the things that are seen are temporal; of the things that are unseen science knows nothing, and has at present no means of knowing anything."

In a concluding word addressed directly to his audience, Dr. Osler says: "Some of you will wander through all phases [of the thought described], to come at last, I trust, to the opinion of Cicero, who had rather be mistaken with Plato than be in the right with those who deny altogether the life after death; and this is my own *confessio fidei*."

ONE of the most tantalizing manifestations of that lack of logic which is popularly supposed to be the most charmingly feminine trait of the truly feminine mind, is the ability to be moved to emotion by isolated facts and single pictures, while ignoring utterly their connection one with another—the thread of thought and inter-relation which alone can give them their true significance.

To be absolutely frank, we should confess that this trait is not altogether a stranger to the superior masculine mind either; but it is certainly not so distinctively a sex characteristic as it is, unfortunately, with women. It is the trait that awakens hope within the breast of the ardent reformer who appeals to feminine tenderness and pity, only to receive a cold shower dash in the realization of an utter non-comprehension of his idea, in spite of ready tears and real sympathy with the sad pictures he paints.

Take this matter of war, for instance, with its present political manifestations of imperialism and militarism. Advocates of peace who really understand not the sentimental significance only, but the actual political and economical meaning of the words "war" and "peace," find ready sympathizers among women when they paint the agony of the battlefield, the misery of the bereaved home. But in midst of their tears, a strain of martial music without will draw these same women to the window with enthusiastic exclamations of, "Oh, the gallant soldier boys! Don't they look fine!" They utterly fail to see the moral and ethical connection between the thing that arouses their enthusiasm and the thing that draws their tears; they utterly fail to realize that just as long as this absurd and unjustified glorification of brute force in the form of militarism continues, just so long will imperialistic despotism and commercial tyranny find in the army a ready weapon for their selfish ends.

If women would stop weeping over the "silent, upturned face," and admiring the outer trappings that mark the licensed murderer, long enough to think a little about the connection between the two, the cause of peace would take a seven-league stride onward.

For the woman who thinks comes naturally first of all to think of the good of her sex, and to concern herself about questions pertaining thereto; and for a woman interested in the welfare of woman as a sex, this question of war and militarism is so fundamental that it is incomprehensible how so many can still be blind to its significance.

The mother, wife, sweetheart, and sister, weeping at home for the absent or the dead, are supposed to be the chief sufferers from war's devastations. In reality they are but a few isolated cases, whose sorrows are as nothing compared to what the sex as a whole has suffered from the sway of militarism throughout the ages, and the point of view fostered by it.

It is this spirit of militarism, the glorification of brute force, and this alone, that has kept woman in political, legal and economic bondage throughout the ages, and there is still enough of it remaining in our enlightened twentieth century to make the idea of woman's participation in public office and

public life a thing to be scoffed at by the majority, ridiculed and opposed.

It was not any manifestation of superiority of the masculine mind that first threw the chains of political serfhood around one-half of humanity; it was merely the fact that in the dark ages of the world's history brute force, i. e. militarism in one or another form, reigned supreme. Where brute force was lord, woman with her differently constituted muscular development was considered an inferior being simply because she did not bear arms.

It was not that she could not fight, but that instinctively, even in the "dim red dawn of man," prehistoric man felt that giving life was greater than taking it; and woman as the giver of life, was to be kept back from the possibility of unnecessary physical danger.

From this feeling, become unthinking and uncomprehended tradition, grew the idea that woman was inferior in bodily strength, and could not bear arms; and therefore was an inferior being.

Nineteenth century man, as far as he began to understand that brute force was not everything, began to find it necessary to discover another reason for woman's political and legal position; and thus was born the legend of woman's inferior mentality.

Medieval man was far more honest in his brutal "Only man, who bears arms, can have a voice in the affairs of his country's politics." Medieval man was consistent, too, and excluded even that part of the male population that did not bear arms from public affairs. Modern man has grown more enlightened with respect to his own sex, but enough of militarism still lingers to make very hard the path of the woman struggling for legal, political and economic rights for her sex.

The wonder is that so many, even of these women, do not understand the point of view born of the traditions of centuries of militarism that still opposes them in the solid front of the unthinking conservative mass.

While the military ideal holds sway in our modern world, woman suffrage and the attainment of full legal and political rights for women will remain a Utopian dream. The military state is the state in which woman has no place; the military mind is the mind that sees in woman only a drudge or a toy, and gives her the one right only to existence—the possibility of bearing sons who will in time become soldiers.

Women may work for the improvement of their minds, they may open schools for their sex, they may make their way in art, in commerce, in the professions, they may prove in a thousand ways their fitness to take part in public life; but it will avail them little so long as one vestige of the tradition and the point of view born of militarism remains in the civilized world. The military point of view is that of contempt for woman, of a denial to her of any other usefulness than that of bearing children.

This is not an exaggeration, for although the military mind, being an anachronism in our modern world, must of itself be illogical, it has certain instinctive forms of thought which are born of strictly logical reasoning.

The most cursory survey of civilized nations to-day will prove the truth of this. The inferior position of women in Germany is not by any means due to a lack in the mentality of the German woman, nor to a lack of educational facilities for either sex in a country justly proud of its magnificent school system. It is simply and solely due to the fact that at present the "nation of poets and thinkers" has for a time sold its birthright of mental pre-eminence for a mess of pottage—military glory and rampant imperialism.

What is it that has made the American woman the admiration of all civilized nations, the envy of her sisters elsewhere? She was not sent down fresh from Heaven in her present state, nor did she spring full-grown from the head of Jove. She was the daughter of mothers born in the military-ridden states of Europe. But now she is the product of several generations of freedom from the military idea. This, and this alone, has given her a measure of freedom beyond that attained by women anywhere else.

Let American women think seriously on this mat-

ter of war and peace, on this question of imperialism and militarism. If our nation should by any unfortunate but highly improbable combination of circumstances take her place amid the army-ridden, land-scaling "world-powers" it would mean much more to the American woman than a succession of wars that would bereave her of her loved ones, or send them back to her crippled or afflicted with loathsome disease. It would mean for American woman as a sex the loss of much she has gained by her happier circumstances of the past two centuries, and it would place the goal of perfect political and legal equality she still desires, far, far out of reach in a cloudland which even the most hopeful could scarcely vision.

American woman's being what she is, is our greatest safeguard against the evils that appear to threaten us; but the trouble is, the American woman is what she is only instinctively and unconsciously as yet, and there are far too many of her in the ranks of those who look upon these threatening evils as something good to be desired.—*From The Public.*

be, is she not saying or inferring the mean thing, because she is jealous of Miss—'s or Mrs. B—'s new bonnet or new house, or her beautiful complexion? She is giving her conscience a reason for doing a mean thing.

We heard a gentleman get up in a meeting where he was nominated on the opposition ticket, and say that he begged to withdraw his name, as he had not authorized its use, and that he had not joined the association with any idea of honor or profit, but only for the pleasure of associating with a lot of good fellows who composed the society. The real truth was that his sole object in becoming a member was entirely one of profit. But strangest thing of all is that, when he made the remark, he probably thought he was telling the truth. It is so easy to convince ourselves that we are honest and honorable gentlemen. It is positively a fact that we lie to ourselves fully as often as we do to others.

Another remarkable thing about lying is that, when we have told a lie a great many times, we actually believe it ourselves, until we stop to think. We knew the case of a lady, wife of a bishop of the Church of England, who always spoke of "the three beautiful boys" she had lost. She never had a child, and this lady was probably quite truthful about most matters; but she thought she should have had children, and perhaps considered it a disgrace that she had had none. That was before "race suicide" was fashionable.

We have in mind a very prominent business man of this city who is an heroic liar. This kind is very common, particularly to their wives and sweethearts. He is being continually attacked by footpads, knocking them down, drawing his gun (for of course this kind of liar always carries a gun and keeps a private graveyard). It is hardly necessary to notice the hunter and fisherman who exaggerate the number of birds and fish they don't get. Then there are the professional men, doctors and lawyers. The first tell about the rare cases, and of treating them in the most marvelous way—of aneurisms, where they pack away yards of silver wire, and the patient looks to-day as if he could lick Jeffries! Others tell about the number of patients they see; there is one old physician who used to tell a young doctor without any practice that he saw seventy or eighty patients a day. We pity the patients.

Lawyers run to big fees, for they cannot lie about their cases as can the doctor; and we have in mind one legal gentleman who must have received millions of dollars during the last ten years, if one believes what he says. There is another variety of liar who always tells about the number of women who are in love with him, and the almost daily occurrence of anonymous letters received. These are mostly actor-men.

Of course, we always have with us the sick, who magnify every little ailment—a sore throat into an attack of diphtheria, a slight cold into pneumonia. We have in mind one lovely woman who has had, to our personal knowledge, three times pneumonia and once typhoid fever during the last year. The psychological study of this form of lying is, to say the least, interesting. Why does a sick person wish you to think him in danger of death? Is it a desire to excite a greater amount of sympathy or care?

So we suppose we may conclude from the foregoing that we are all liars, some telling only pleasant white lies for the sake of being agreeable, but the majority vain lies, mean lies, and useless lies. One of the great French wits remarked that it was better usually to tell the truth; a lie should be kept for great occasions; it is too good a thing to be wasted.

*From the San Francisco Argonaut.*

## LIES    A Study in the Ethics of Untruth

By C. T. D.

YOU often hear the question discussed, Is lying permissible under any circumstances? Is it immoral, ungentlemanly, to lie? Do men or women lie the most? Is there such a thing as legitimate lying? Is it possible to tell the truth under all circumstances? Is an exaggeration a lie?

We often hear the remark, "To lie like a gentleman." In England, which pretends to be a religious country, the most popular thing the then Prince of Wales ever did was to swear, in a court of law, to a lie. Of course, this was to protect the character of a woman. We do not remember that the pulpit found any fault, and everybody clapped their hands, although the whole country knew he preferred chivalry to truth-telling. If he had told the truth, people would have said he was a cad, a sneak, or a coward. Was this conduct consistent with the laws of God or of society? We think of both.

Several of us were discussing this subject at the club, one evening recently. There were present a doctor, a lawyer, a banker, a preacher, a politician and a merchant. They agreed among themselves that for one week they would tell the truth and nothing but the truth.

The first one to pass through the crucible of truth-telling was the poor doctor. The very first patient to come into his office was a fashionable lady, who desired him to advise her husband that it was necessary that she should have change of air and a trip to Carlsbad. The doctor was forced to tell her that there was nothing the matter with her; that he had known it for months; that he had only been prescribing for her to humor her, and that further, he must decline advising a trip to Europe for her health; that, if she needed springs, there were many in California superior to Carlsbad, and that really the latter was only a fashionable fad, and generally an excuse to go shopping in Paris.

The lawyer, who came next, was compelled to tell the jury that he considered his client had no case, and that his own private opinion was that he ought to be convicted.

The politician had to put himself into clean politics for the time being, and tell the strikers who called on him that he thought them dishonest.

The clergyman told his congregation that the Bible was not an inspired book, but simply a history of the Jews; that it was nonsense, in the light of recent scientific research, to believe that the world was created in seven days; that there was no doubt but that man had evolved through countless ages from lower forms of life; that the Adam and Eve story, while it was very picturesque and one that an ignorant people might accept, was in this age entirely exploded.

The merchant and the others had similar experiences.

A great many of the disagreeable people we meet are truth-tellers; people do not want to hear the truth.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Jones, how old and ugly you are looking this morning." "Well, old man, how do you do; why, I declare you are looking ten years older than when I saw you last!" Or you meet a very charming young lady with a pimple on her nose with which she has been struggling half the morning, with powder and camphor ice. The first thing you say, for it is the first thing you notice, is: "Oh, how horrible that pimple looks on your nose." Some very young men and would-be-thought bright young ladies have a habit of saying rude truths and think them smart. So much for truth-telling in every-day intercourse.

But let us look at lying from another point of view. Do we not do a deal of lying to ourselves? How often do we commit some petty meanness—say some unkind thing, and convey the impression that we are doing it for the sake of the community, or to protect the social circle in which we move, when the real reason is that we want to get even for some wrong, real or imaginary.

When one woman says to another that Miss S— or Mrs. B— is a little "gay," and conveys the impression that she is not altogether what she ought to

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and St. Charles Street.

## Love's Fragile Structure

By Ethelyn Reed

HE smiled as he bent over the copy and wrote: "It is curious to observe that, while the man, before the final surrender, always takes the lead in love's building, afterwards it is the woman who timidly, but nevertheless decisively, does what she can to preserve and firmly establish that fairy structure upon which all her happiness—nay, even her life, depends. While she is to be won, he is the master-builder. The work accomplished, he rests satisfied. He is successful—they love—what more is there to do? If this delicate palace of love which he has reared for his own gratification with eager hands and glowing heart, fall in ruins, does it greatly matter? He has had his heart's desire. If it endure, well and good. He will wander through its rose-hued corridors at will, rejoice his soul in its flower-strewn, perfumed chambers, and dine like a king in its banquet halls. If it fall there are other fair places upon which to raise perhaps even fairer structures. So much from the man's standpoint.

"His work accomplished, woman's begins. Hers the task, at once arduous and delightful, to keep the fair palace, which is her very own, intact and beautiful. She may add to it—here a graceful turret, there an outstanding wing—things that beautify rather than strengthen; but her chief aim is to keep it strong and enduring on its unseen foundations. She may grow indifferent to its fate, or perhaps only a little blind to the gradual crumbling and wearing away of time—then the ruin comes slowly but inevitably. Or it may be that one crushing, dreadful fact, like a veritable Samson bearing destruction on his shoulders, sweeps the pillars of the palace from their appointed places and brings the edifice down in hideous, appalling ruin. But outside of sudden disaster, outside of occasional stupid blindness, or wilful carelessness, the woman carries on her labor of love patiently, sweetly, persistently. Her desire is to keep, to preserve, to hold forever, as his has been to possess."

\* \* \* \* \*

The writer paused, his pen still lingering on the paper. He has become conscious of the charming, laughing face reading over his shoulder.

"Why do you stop, O most learned philosopher and poet?"

"To enjoy my own luxury of possession, sweet Arline," he answered, drawing the soft cheek down to his.

She slipped lightly away, and passing around his desk, leaned over the back of it, looking at him from under level eyebrows with irresistible impudence.

"That—for your wisdom," she exclaimed, snapping her thumb and finger. "It's just as often the other way, as 'it is your way.'"

"My love, there are always exceptions."

"Then just one-half the world is made up of exceptions. Who shall say which is the exception, and which the rule, friend Paul?"

"I can give you twenty cases of the rule from my own experiences."

"And I forty of what you call the exception."

"You must have known strange women."

"Or unusual men," she returned, archly. "No, Paul, I will admit that the men have been very usual, in the main; and the women like them—eager for conquest, and then caring nothing. Why, you know one such woman." She looked at him curiously from narrowing eyes.

"Name her. I should like to study her—but at long range." He laughed drily.

"Can you not guess? Well, then, it is myself."

"Arline!" He sprang up, and went around to her. She held him off with two slender, outstretched arms.

"No, no, you frighten me when you are so earnest. Let us be more philosophical in our discussion." She laughed nervously and pressed her finger tips against his eyelids.

"Do you love me?" he asked for the thousandth time in a month.

"Oh, a little." He made a passionate movement, and she hurriedly went on. "Have I not proved it? Have I not stayed here with you a whole month—I, away from my beloved city, alone with you, and the roses, and the trees, and—and the cows? I came for a week, and have stayed a month—is not that devotion?—a tribute to your fascination?—an acknowledgment of my love?"

"Arline, my love, come, then, and kiss me." He caught her in his arms.

"No, no, let me go. I'm tired, Paul." She flung

herself out of his embrace, and sank down into the empty chair.

"Tired!"

"Yes, tired—tired of everything—tired of love, tired of you. I thought perhaps the love of a philosopher and poet would be something different. It is just the same old thing—nothing more, nothing less—like any other man's, made up of equal parts of jealousy, passion and tyranny. You take all—you give me your play-time. If there is something rare and different about you, you shut it within your soul."

"Arline, what does this mean? I had imagined you were happy. What have I left undone?"

"Nothing. I am going back—that is all." She lifted a defiant face to his.

"You cannot mean this to be the end. I thought you loved me." He had turned away, and she could not see his face.

"I did. Otherwise I would not have stayed on. All the others stipulated was a week."

"Who stipulated?" He faced her, but she was playing with his paper-knife, and did not look up. Some devil of cruelty led her on.

"Why, it was a wager, you see. You were so cold, so self-centred. We were discussing it. I wondered if I could win your love—"

"And you did."

"And I did; and loved in return." She glanced up with an enchanting smile.

"We have been happy, haven't we? But it is so deadly dull here. You understand, Paul? If you will come up to the city with me—"

He turned upon her, and she shrank back in sudden fear before the black anger in his face.

"To be laughed at—to be held up to ridicule and scorn by them and you—I, the fallen one, who prated of the one great love and devotion for the one and only woman."

She laughed, when another woman would have screamed, in pure hysteria. She had laughed all her life, and laughter came to her lips so easily. It was fuel on the flame of his wrath.

"And you shall not go back and tell your story of conquest—your deliciously amusing story—and to laugh—laugh at me. Neither shall you stay to torture me with the sight of your dead passion, and your discontent."

"Paul, Paul, it cannot be like that," she cried vaguely, and reached forward to caress him. He snatched up the paper-knife from where she had let it fall on the leaves of his freshly written work, and buried it in the soft breast yearning towards him.

Had he proved or disproved his philosophy?

From Town Talk.

## MUSIC.

## CONRATH'S CONSERVATORY.

This well-known institution will give its opening recital of the season next Tuesday evening, at which some of the members of the faculty will unite in rendering a most artistic program. Owing to the great number of advance applications for admission the management has decided to give this concert at the Y. M. C. A. hall in order to accommodate its many students and their friends.

The music-loving public has come to recognize this Conservatory as a leading educational factor, standing for all that implies the best and most refined in the field of musical art. The splendid results for which this school is widely and justly noted can only be accomplished where so much individual attention is bestowed on each pupil and such stress laid upon the minutest details.

The program in full will be as follows:

Piano Quartet—"William Tell Overture," ..... Rossini  
Mr. Louis Conrath.  
Mr. Wm. Kaltwasser.  
Mr. W. O. Riechers.  
Mr. Wm. Elbrecht.

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Piano—"Ballade," ..... Chopin  
Mr. Louis Conrath.  
Vocal—Aria from "Ernani," ..... Verdi  
Mrs. Louis Conrath.  
Violin—"Serenade," ..... Lalo  
Mr. Arno Waechter.  
Piano—"Polonaise," ..... Liszt  
Mr. Louis Conrath.  
Vocal—"Carola Della Ladola," ..... Bailey  
Mrs. Louis Conrath.  
Piano Duo—"Valse Caprice,"  
Von Wilm  
Mr. Wm. Elbrecht.  
Mr. Wm. Kaltwasser.

## "COMIN' THRO' THE RYE"

Will someone kindly cable over to the *New York Globe* the correct explanation of the word "rye" in the old song "Comin' Thro' the Rye?" All the Scotsmen in America seem to have descended on the editor of that excellent paper with different and equally positive renderings; and, what is worse, some of them are doing it in the broadest Scotch. "Sandy" and "Auld Reckie," and "Your Brither Scot" and "Ayrshire Lad" are all at it hammer and tongs. Some say that "Rye" is a river at or near Dalry, Ayrshire, and that custom exacted a toll of kisses from any lass that was met crossing it on the stepping stones. This has made "Sandy" and "Your Brither Scot" simply furious. "Wha ever heard," asks the latter, "o' Robbie Burns fulin' wi' a lassie crossin' a river? Na, na; Rab liked best tae meander wi' the lassie thro' a guild field o' rye just as it was about ready for hairst."—*London Chronicle*.

Senator Blackburn of Kentucky tells of how he once accompanied a joint committee of the Louisiana legislature which visited a State penal institution. One member of the committee was a rising young lawyer from New Orleans, who talked for a few minutes with one of the colored convicts. "You appear to know Mr. Black," said another committeeman. "Yes, sah," said the negro, "he's de gentleman dat sent me heah." "Is that so? I never knew that he had been a prosecuting attorney." "Dunno 'bout dat, sah," said the darkey, grinning, "but he was my lawyer."

## CAMPAIGN TINSEL EXPENSE

Just how much influence banners, streamers, buttons and transparencies have in deciding a political campaign is a question; but this influence must be considerable, because a vast sum of money is spent in this direction in every presidential contest. In New York City alone it is estimated that during the present party conflict more than half a million dollars will be invested with the men who paint the signs. In the entire country the sum spent in this same quarter will amount to several millions—a lavish expenditure, it would seem; a mighty fortune in flags, banners, uniforms, torches, buttons, canvas and muslin and paint, in crude creations that are ruined by the rains, ripped by the winds, and utterly useless after election day.

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From a gigantic head ten feet in diameter to a picture as small as a button, campaign portraits are made in all sizes. A large flag factory in New York is turning out a number of banners on which the portraits of the candidates are merely printed in black ink. This factory distributes campaign decorations and emblems to all parts of the country. A political club in an "up-State" town in New York which wants a good political banner, orders it from a leading local dry goods house, and this house sends the order to the factory in New York City.—*Leslie's Weekly*.

"Why is it that a scientist seldom becomes rich?"

"A scientist," said the practical man, "becomes too much accustomed to dealing with large quantities. If he makes a calculation that is only a few million years or a few million miles out of the way he doesn't complain. And he can always figure that he is within a few million dollars of being rich."—*Washington Evening Star*.

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DRAMATIC

"THE PIT."

There have been many magnificent audiences at the Century Theater, but that which greeted Wilton Lackaye in "The Pit" Sunday night was undoubtedly a record breaker. The initial performance savored a little of the drawbacks that are necessarily occasioned by quick jumps between cities and the consequent haste and delay in getting the scenery in place and the performers settled. And this was evident only in the first act. Otherwise this intensely interesting American play founded upon that most dramatic feature of American commercial life, a great deal in wheat, was staged and presented with accuracy and artistic effect which never failed to score. Up to Wednesday the audiences showed the same keen appreciation of the performance as was readily observed on the opening night. As to the plot, every one is quite familiar with it and with Chicago, where the scenes are laid. The acting is of the very best quality, Mr. Lackaye being most capably supported in his character as *Curtis Jawdin*, the Board of Trade man. Miss Jane Oaker, a St. Louis girl, relative of Mr. Christian Peper, was the principal feminine figure in the piece. Though new to the stage, her acting reveals close study and an artistic touch that are assurances of future success. She was warmly applauded by many old friends, and in fact by many who were not numbered among her acquaintances. One of the stirring episodes of "The Pit" is the Board of Trade panic scene. In this part Mr. William A. Brady's talent in securing and drilling an

efficient corps of supernumeraries shines brilliantly. Never was such a well-drilled mob presented on such short notice. Owing to the popularity of both piece and company, and the fact that both are here only for one week, there will be two performances given next Sunday—matinee and night—and an extra matinee will be given Friday. Thursday night promises to be a red-letter one. It has been set aside especially for members of the Merchants' Exchange.

Commencing next Monday night that beautiful and talented actress, Maxine Elliott, will be the Century attraction. She will appear in the successful Clyde Fitch comedy, "Her Own Way," supported by a capable company.

"BEN HUR'S" POPULARITY.

"Ben Hur" continues its prosperous run at the Olympic and it seems it could go one forever drawing crowded houses. There is nothing in the artistic production that is inclined to shock the sensibilities of the religiously inclined theatergoer. Though heralded as a great religious drama, the religious theme is not pushed forward as a coin-catcher, but is artistically merged with the other stirring sentiments and incidents of the story. The acting is clever and there is little of the spectacular that threatens to becloud the histrionic in the production. This week may be a notable one in the history of the piece, since General Lew Wallace, who gave the great story to the world, is expected here to witness the World's Fair production on Thursday night. General Wallace is 80 years old, but is still possessed of much vitality. He is anxious also to see the World's Fair. Should he attend the production of "Ben Hur" he will be seen in one of the boxes. Another incident that will add interest to the production this week will be the gathering here in convention of the organization known as the Tribe of Ben Hur. An extra matinee is to be given on Thursday to accommodate the public.


LILLIPUTIANS AT THE GRAND.

Hanlon's "Superba" is now in its last week at the Grand Opera House and the many patrons of this theater who have repeatedly seen this remarkable attraction will no doubt regret its departure. But coming in its place is an equally clever piece of theatrical entertainment, "Lilliputians in Dreamland." The new show will commence a regular engagement next Sunday, with a matinee performance. There is good music, good singing and a generous fund of rich entertainment in the piece. The remaining performances of the Hanlon show promise to be as popular as those of the preceding weeks. This show is better and bigger than ever and the company is all that could be desired.

"THE DARLING OF THE GODS."

The one hundredth performance of "The Darling of the Gods" at the Imperial will be given October 26. Some interesting souvenirs of the World's Fair and of Miss Bates are promised.

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Carl Frisk, late of Hot Springs, Ark.

The drama of old and new Japan is always in favor with St. Louis theatergoers. It is a story that is ever new and the company's acting is refreshing.

AT THE ODEON.

Kiralfy's "Louisiana" is doing a rushing business at the Odeon; the audience fills the house at each performance. This show will continue for at least two months as a World's Fair City attraction. Instead of interest falling off, it is on the increase. The theatergoers like the novelties of the production and the sprightliness of the individuals of the company is also winning.

HAYES'S "LOUISIANA."

This is the twenty-first week of Hayes' "Louisiana," which has been doing so well at its new home, Music Hall. The sterling production always finds favor with the people and especially Fair visitors. The new song, "When the Eagle Screams," which was sung for the first time this week by the four comedians of the company, has made quite a hit. The *Eagle's* part in the song is rather out of the ordinary.

THE STANDARD.

"The Cracker-Jacks" have been giving Standard patrons their full mead of fun and frolic in the last few days. Bob Van Osten is the chief funmaker of this organization. The opening farce

is called "The Jolly Bachelor." On the olio are the Wangdoodle Four; Belle Hathaway and her performing baboons; Carl Anderson, jester; Sam J. Adams, the Green Sisters and Ruby Leoni. The entire company appears in "Our Georgia Rose," the closing comedy. The attraction next week will be the famous Rentz-Santley Company, which has many clever specialists and entertainers on its roster.

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## REHEARSALS FOR MATRIMONY

"She's engaged again," remarked Polly, nodding her head at the auburn-haired Downing girl, who went sailing by in Abbingdon Dare's new cart.

"It's the fifth or sixth trial, too, isn't it?" I asked, shaking out the reins and tucking the rugs under Polly's infinitesimal toes. "Some people never get serious."

Polly looked meditative.

"Well," she remarked, jabbing the pin into her hat more securely, "that depends on what you mean by 'serious.' An engagement may be serious without ending in matrimony."

"Serious for the one who gets left?" I asked, snapping the whip viciously over the back of the roan.

"Nonsense! One always means to be married when one gets engaged. That's what makes it an engagement. Otherwise it would be merely—er—that is—"

"Merely what?" I inquired, looking up sidewise under Polly's hat.

"Oh, a flirtation or an 'affair.' But a real bona fide engagement is nothing more nor less than a dress rehearsal for matrimony. Sometimes the original rehearsing company are married at once, but generally the leading man and the leading lady are changed several times before you can find two who just fit the opposing roles."

"Why, Polly Lee, I'm surprised. I suppose all your engagements have proven invaluable experience. Doubtless even this one, with me as leading man, is proving—"

"Invaluable experience," acquiesced Polly, nodding her feathers; "oh, yes; invaluable. I've learned everything about the stage business of managing a man since I became engaged to you. For instance, before then I used to take the center of the stage on every occasion. I'd let a man sit like a groom or an understudy beside me all afternoon, while I displayed my accomplishments as a whip instead of letting him show off with a four-in-hand or a tandem, while I played the part of limelight and kept up with the applause. Why, what are you whipping that horse for?"

"Was I?" I snapped, a bit startled. It was the off horse, and it struck me that he was more off than usual that afternoon.

"I was wondering," I snapped, "how many rehearsals it took to make you so letter perfect—I mean how many rehearsals before you graduated at my expense."

"I haven't graduated yet," remarked Polly.

I jumped. "Oh!"

"The commencement exercises don't commence until you go to the altar. That is when the rehearsals end and the curtain rolls up, and the tragedy or the comedy or the melodrama begins in real earnest."

"Won't you set the date for the commencement exercises, Polly?" I pleaded softly.

"Have you no regard for etiquette, Mr. Heavyfeather?" remarked Polly. "That was Mrs. Gadsby Victoria, and she saw you."

"Saw me what?"

"Saw you looking at me that way and trying to get hold of my hand."

"I didn't!" I said indignantly and ambiguously.

"A girl's first rehearsal for matrimony," went on Polly, ignoring me, "usually takes place when she is about seventeen. She is exactly like a young actress making her debut in *Juliet*. She plays with fire, but without poise or method. She rants and rages and overdoes. There is nothing subtle about her. If she should marry the man that she thinks at that time she is madly in love with—"

"Well?" I had to prod Polly, for just then we turned a corner in the circle and the auburn-haired Downing girl and Abbingdon Dare flashed past us, and Polly turned to stare after them.

"Well," she went on, "there would be about as bad a smash-up as there would be if the man who sold you this team of horses hadn't tried them in harness together before he mated them. Now, suppose both of these were off horses."

"I smiled comprehendingly.

"It takes several rehearsals to make a girl letter perfect in the little game of matrimony. The first time a girl falls in love all she knows about a man is that he is a good waltzer and wears the proper collars, that his hair curls at the edges, and that he doesn't tread on her frocks."

"Was your first leading man like that, Polly?"

"No—that is—I've forgotten. But they're all alike. The girl who marries her first love has a life lesson before her. It's like taking the leading part in a difficult play at a few moments' notice. She knows as much about handling a man as a small boy does about handling a gun. And a man that is badly handled is like a gun. The first thing he does is to go off—off to another girl."

"Did he do that, Polly?" I said, looking at her sympathetically.

"Who?" asked Polly.

"Your first leading man. He must have been remarkably clever. Was he good looking and did he ever marry anyone?"

Polly looked at me witheringly.

"It's this way, you see," she went on. "A girl gets such a good perspective on a man when she's engaged to him. After she is married she is too close to the footlights to take a rational view of him. She ceases to think then. She merely feels and she is supersensitive to everything he does and says. Now, when you have been engaged a few times you soon learn that what a man has eaten for luncheon has more to do with his temper than the subject of conversation. You learn to keep quiet and play a still part when he is doing anything serious like reading the political news or strapping a trunk. You can tell an off horse at sight, and if you are an off horse yourself you choose a conservative nigh horse, or if you are a nigh horse you choose somebody with dash and go. You find out whether you were intended for the center of the stage or only to play understudy. You learn to speak your lines properly and follow your cues. If you were destined to play up to a star, you lay in a lot of nice little things to say to him that will

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encourage him to take the center of the stage and make him feel happy in the limelight. Or if you were born to be the leading lady you learn how to keep your leading man in the background without making him feel his inferiority or resent playing seconds. You find out whether you are capable of managing your own company or whether you need a manager. And yet the average girl frets and pines when she is going through her little rehearsals like a small girl who is made to practice her music exercises. She does not realize that every time her heart is broken she is one step nearer marital happiness. Oh, yes, being engaged is a wonderful experience," and Polly sighed as we took another turn about the circle.

"And doesn't the man get any experience, Polly?" I asked as we dashed down the avenue on the home stretch.

"Not a bit. A man never learns by experience, anyhow—"

Just at that moment we came upon Abbingdon Dare and the auburn-haired Downing girl driving slowly home in the new dog-cart. We bowed.

"Why," exclaimed Polly, "I didn't know that you knew them."

"The auburn-haired Downing girl," I remarked meekly, "was my first leading lady."

Polly jumped.

"And," I went on, "if your first leading man was as good looking—"

Polly looked and stared after the couple in the dog-cart.

"Well," she remarked thoughtfully, "Abbingdon Dare is rather handsome, they say, and he—"

"What?"

"Was my first leading man."

"There is no accounting for tastes," I remarked.

"None," said Polly. "I hate red hair." —Helen Rowland in *Washington Post*.

◆◆◆

"Mon Dieu, zees languaze," said the earnest Parisian who was visiting the Fair. "It makes me cent mille troubles. Mon ami Brown tells me Mon. Smit' has one level head. I inquire of ze dictionaire what it is that level means. Ze dictionaire say level is flat. Next

day I see Mon. Smit' an' I compliment heem. 'Ah, Mon. Smit', vous avez ze grand flat head.' Mon. Smit' is not compliment. He knock me down."

◆◆◆

#### THE HEART OF THE FAIR

The Tyrolean Alps, the heart of the World's Fair and the greatest of all the Pike attractions in point of costliness and practical value to mankind, has entertained fully thirty per cent of the immense throngs that have thus far visited the great Exposition. It is the one place to which the majority of Fair visitors wend their way at one time or another. In fact, it is the place where all who are wise seek those comforts which they cannot find elsewhere in a great city and which are so much desired—the meeting with good people from all lands, good eating, high class music and the finest assortment of refreshments. Aside from these requisites there are other attractions at the Alps which never fail to prove their worth. And they are out of the ordinary. There is the scenic railway, the art gallery with its rare carvings and canvases, and the Alpine chapels and villages and the Tyrolean singers. But the music, which is furnished by the great orchestra of 100 pieces, led alternately by Max Bendix of New York and that European artist, Karl Komzak, is, next to the attractions for the inner man, the greatest of all the Alps' features. Everyone likes music and it is to be heard in great variety at the Alps. It is not yet too late to secure a weekly admission ticket.

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#### A FEW SUPERSTITIONS

Some people otherwise sensible will draw back rather than walk under a ladder. Even strong-minded women hesitate to show their contempt of this superstition when they hear that it prevents the single from marrying for that year and to the married it betokens death. The Dutch hold that it was a sign that you would be hanged, because of the important part which a ladder used formerly to play in the last act of the law. A Scotch tradition holds it lucky to wish when going under a ladder.

◆

To miss the mouth in eating and drop one's victuals is a sign of approaching sickness. Every time one turns a loaf upside down a ship is wrecked. On this the Dutch say: "If a loaf lies topsy-turvy it is not good." Scott, in "The Tales of a Grandfather," says: "Never turn a loaf in the presence of a Men-teith." Hazlitt, in his "English Proverbs," quotes: "Are there traitors at the table that the loaf is turned the wrong side upward?"

◆

That ill-fortune attended the spilling of salt is an idea arising from the belief of the ancients that salt was incorruptible. It was therefore made the symbol of friendship and if it fell casually the ancients thought their friendship would not be of long duration. In Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper" the betrayer is represented in the act of spilling salt.—*Exchange*.

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#### HE STOPS THEM NOW.

"Did you ever notice," asked the hotel clerk yesterday, "how many men there are who make it their business to pick little things, such as threads and specks, off your clothes while standing talking to you? Well, sir, there are lots of them and that picking is a habit with them. They do it unconsciously. No matter how well brushed you are the man with the habit will begin picking at you when he meets you."

"I've noticed them many a time," said a traveling man standing near, "but I have quit letting them pick at my clothes. I once had an experience with one of those fellows that wasn't pleasant. I had known him slightly, and chanced to meet him on the street one day. He began picking specks of dirt and such things from my coat and he kept it up all the time we talked. A couple of minutes after he had left I missed a \$200 diamond stud. That cured me of letting people pick things off my clothes. Nowadays I simply ask the man who tries it to desist. If necessary I hold his hands."

◆◆◆

The newly elected Methodist bishop, Dr. William Burt of Rome, N. Y., is noted for his cheerful and placid manner. A clergyman complimented Dr. Burt one day on his good disposition and asked him how he acquired it. "Maybe the remark of a child that I once overheard helped me to learn to complain and grumble as little as possible," said Dr. Burt. "While I was studying at Wilbraham academy I spent a few days with the child's father—a good man, but a chronic growler. We were all sitting in the parlor one night when the question of food arose. The child, a little girl, told cleverly what

each member of the house liked best. Finally it came to the father's turn to be described. 'And what do I like, Nancy?' he said, laughing. 'You,' said the little girl slowly, 'well, you like 'most anything we haven't got'."

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#### A TALENTED CONVICT.

One of the most remarkable prisoners in the United States is a convict in Sing Sing who edits the prison paper, the *Star of Hope*. He is there for burglary, but in his time has been lawyer, reporter, confidence man, secretary to a khedive of Egypt, preacher, forger and politician. He is an Englishman by birth.

◆◆◆

The following plaint and confession is from the Dillon (Wyo.) *Doublejack*: "Editing a newspaper is a nice thing. If we publish jokes people say we are rattle-brained. If we don't we are fossils. If we publish original matter they say we don't give them enough selections. If we give them selections they say we are too lazy to write. If we don't go to church we are heathens. If we do go we are hypocrites. If we remain at the office we ought to be out looking for news items. If we go out, then we are not attending to our business. If we wear old clothes they laugh at us. If we wear good clothes they say we have a pull. Now, what are we to do? Just as likely as not some one will say that we stole this from an exchange. So we did. It's from the Wyoming *Derrick*."

◆◆◆

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## DRESSES BY THE POUND.

Dry goods shoppers on the East Side of New York run little risk of being mulcted in the matter of measurement, since a new standard of value has been established. Many "pound" stores exist where calicoes, muslins, flannels and linings all are to be bought by weight. It is even possible to get a few ounces of lace curtaining, if one is so disposed.

All things so sold, however, it must be understood, are what are called "mill lengths," and some of them have slight imperfections, for they are the trial pieces on which the looms are tested. Others may have sustained a slight break in being removed from the frames.

But what matters such trifling drawbacks, when a pound of good stout muslin is to be had for 35 cents, or black percaline linings at 5 cents less. It is only when one sees a pound of either piled up on the scale that one realizes what the balancing capacity of sixteen ounces avoirdupois really is. As to Nottingham nets, it would almost seem as if the ceilings were the only limit.

The good housewives of the east side, most of whom capture the good man's pay envelope, know very well what to do with these odds and ends. A pound of muslin alone will yield so many pillow cases that even those that the proprietress of the shop sells at 5 cents apiece find but little sale save in some desperate household emergency where "hang the expense" must for the nonce become the motto.

About the only thing in the "pound" shops that would seem to the uninitiated to be without commercial value, are the cloth samples, which average about a half a yard long and three-quarters of a yard wide. Some have a few more inches in either direction, but none run a full yard. Bpt manufacturers of iron-holders, and capmakers and tailors find in them plenty of material, the latter always on the look-out for good sized pieces to make vests.—*Chicago Journal.*

~\*~

Illustrative of the czar's lack of confidence in the Russians who surround him is the following incident: Czar Nicholas I. had some trouble with his back and his physician ordered massage treatment. But Nicholas declared himself unable to find a single man whom he dared trust for the simple operation. He sent to Frederick William IV of Prussia, asking that a few non-commissioned officers of the Prussian guards might be allowed to wait upon him. The application was granted, and the officers acted as masseurs and returned to Berlin laden with rich presents. "I know my Russians," Nicholas told them. "So long as I can look them in the face everything is well, but I will not risk letting them work behind my back."

~\*~

"Is your wife economical?" "Very. She can fix over a ten-dollar hat for fifteen dollars so it will look just as good as a new one.—*Puck.*

~\*~

A new story about J. M. Barrie is being told. When the leading man in a certain theatrical company was obliged, through illness, to give up, for a night

or two, the part he was playing in one of the successful comedies of the season, his understudy was so delighted at his opportunity to distinguish himself, and so sure that his friends would want to witness his triumph, that he telegraphed to authors and managers all over London, saying: "I shall play A's part to-night." No one took any notice of the dispatch save Mr. Barrie, who telegraphed back: "Thanks for the warning."

~\*~

## THE AUTUMN FIRES.

HERBERT L. BREWSTER.

There's a misty strand of color, where the skies and mountains meet;  
The golden-rod is growing by the river's hurrying feet;  
The gleaming scythes are swinging through the billowy fields of wheat,  
And the autumn fires are burning on the hill.

The orchard's fruited boughs fulfill the promise of the spring;  
The ripened rowan-berries in their beautiful clusters cling;  
The birds upon the lowland fields prepare for journeying,  
And the autumn fires are burning on the hill.

The maple glows in crimson, and the birch in rarest gold,  
And a blaze of amber beauty wraps the beeches in its fold—  
Still the mystic torches touch them, in the evenings calm and cold;  
And the autumn fires are burning on the hill.

There's a drowsy stillness dwelling within the air at noon;  
There's a haze along the valley, beneath the midnight moon;  
Strange voices swell the chorus of the rivulet's soft croon,  
And the autumn fires are burning on the hill.

All golden are the daytime hours, and silver is the night;  
The harvest hills are teeming, and the harvest stars are bright;  
And a pledge of peace and plenty breathes through the glorious light,  
And the autumn fires are burning on the hill.

—Transcript.

~\*~

## JUDGE DIDN'T HEAR.

This story is related of an old-time judge in Sullivan county, this State:

During a session of court there was so much talking and laughing going on that the judge, becoming angry and confused, shouted in great wrath:

"Silence, here! We have decided half a dozen cases this morning, and I have not heard a word of one of them!"—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

~\*~

William Winter, the dramatic critic, who is said to write the worst hand of any man living, was traveling in Scotland some years ago, and wrote an amusing account of his experiences to R. H. Stoddard, the actor. Mr. Stoddard received the letter at breakfast, and, combining familiarity with the intuition of the poet, managed to make it

out, and enjoyed several good laughs. He glanced up at Mrs. Stoddard, and said: "It's from William Winter. Very funny. Want to read it?" "You know I can never read a word of his writing," answered Mrs. Stoddard. "Oh, that doesn't matter," replied Mr. Stoddard, tossing the letter over; "it's just as funny to look at."

~\*~

"How are you making out in writing for the magazines?" "Just holding my own. They send me back as much as I send them."—*Detroit Free Press.*

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# THE VALUE OF ONE VOTE.

BY RODERICK CORWIN.

"I have only one vote. What difference does it make if I use it or not? There will be no change in the result because I do not go to the polls." This is the most frequent form of excuse with which careless or indolent citizens soothe their consciences on election day.

Of course the excuse carries its own refutation with it. If everybody thought and acted thus, there would be no election at all.

But, moreover, there have been many cases known in this country when a single vote not merely on the bench or in the legislative hall, but even at the polling booth, where it would appear that its individuality would be absolutely lost, has decided the fate of great men and important causes.

In the gubernatorial campaign in Massachusetts in November, 1839, Marcus Morton defeated Edward Everett by a single vote in a total poll of 100,622. This defeat interrupted the hitherto triumphant political career of Everett, and withdrew him from the field of possible presidential candidates until 1860, when he reluctantly consented to run as vice-presidential nominee on the ticket headed by John Bell, and was "snowed out of sight."

The famous Tom Corwin, United States Senator from and Governor of Ohio, was fond of telling the following story:

"In the spring of 1811, at the annual election in Rhode Island, there was a town precinct closely contested by the Federal and the Republican (the peace and war) parties. A Federal farmer, hurrying down to vote, just before closing time, was stopped in the way by finding one of his valuable pigs fast between the planks of a fence. He tried to pull the pig out, and failed. Then with some difficulty he pried away one of the planks, released the pig, and started on a run for the voting place. Just as he got within a hundred feet of

it the town clock struck six. The polls closed without his vote. The result was that a war representative from that town was elected by one vote.

"When the general assembly met a few weeks afterward a war Senator was chosen by one majority or the joint ballot. In 1812 the declaration of war against England was carried in the United States Senate by one vote. General Jackson was nominated as a major general and confirmed by one vote, January 8, 1815. He commanded the army at the battle of New Orleans, won a great victory, became a popular military hero, was elected and re-elected President of the United States, turned all the Whigs out of office, removed all the deposits from the national banks, vetoed the bill, and played havoc generally, and all because this pig away up in Rhode Island got fast in a plank fence."

In the more limited area of Congress a single vote has frequently lost or carried an important measure. In 1868 one vote transferred from the nineteen negatives to the thirty-five affirmatives in the Andrew Johnson impeachment case would have given the President's enemies the two-thirds majority necessary for conviction and removal. In 1846 the revenue-reform or "free-trade" tariff, an act of the greatest financial significance, was carried by the casting-vote of Vice-President George M. Dallas, who had at one time pledged himself against it.

But the importance of one vote was never more signally demonstrated than in 1801.

Suppose that just one of the seventy-three presidential electors who declared for both Jefferson and Burr, had cast for somebody else the vote he gave to Jefferson? There would have been no tie, and the election would not have been transferred to the House of Representatives, and Aaron Burr and not Thomas Jefferson would have been President of the United States.—*Chicago Record-Herald.*



## A REALISTIC SPECTACLE.

The Boer-British war production is preparing for its road tour. It is a show all should see while it is here, for perhaps the opportunity of seeing on as grand a scale never again will be presented. It is a great object lesson for young and old; a production which tends to promote a desire for that world's peace which all nations clamor for now and then. To view it is to secure a good idea of what war is. It is the most realistic product of the kind ever given. Verestchagin, the great Russian artist, who went down with Admiral Makaroff in Port Arthur's roadstead, need not have gone to the front to secure material for his great war canvases had he had such a show as that now being presented at the World's Fair as a model. All that is seen in actual warfare is seen in this great spectacle. Even the horses play their part with the same accuracy as the 700 soldiers engaged. It is indeed a wonderful production and the prices of admission are only 50 cents, 75 cents and \$1.



A Baltimore man was spending a few days with his wife at Atlantic City, and

in connection with his visit he says: "When I seated myself in the dining room on the evening of my arrival I discovered that I could not read the menu, as I had left my glasses in my room and my eyes were useless without them. When I passed it to my wife she exclaimed that she was in the same predicament. At a loss to know what to do, I called the waiter to me and, pointing to the menu, said: 'Read that to me and I will give you a dollar.' Quick as a flash the waiter replied: 'Scuse me, boss, but I ain't had much ejication maself.'"



## THE DUMB SPEAKS.

Apropos of the paragraph about the dumb baby, A. H. Howe says: "A friend of mine who is father of one of these freak darlings is authority for this: He and his wife were sitting in the dining room when from behind the closed door they heard an indistinct vocal outbreak on a rising scale. Soon they distinguished these words: 'Open the door! Why in — don't you open the door! Open this — — old door, — — you!' etc., etc. When my friend had complied with the polite request he saw his little dumb girl with her mouth still full of 'cuss' words. He says it was always a mystery where she had learned them, and is inclined to believe it to be the original language of mankind."—*Houston Chronicle.*



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Underwear made specially to order for men who require it.

## HOME AGAIN.

Bishop Potter says that when he first visited Europe it was a most difficult matter for him to become accustomed to hearing himself addressed as "My Lord," which title, he avers, was given him right and left, wherever he went.

"I was in danger of becoming spoiled," the Bishop observes, "by this obsequiousness in the Old World; but a little incident that occurred when I was descending the gangplank of the steamer that brought me back to New York mercifully delivered me. An old friend, hurriedly running on to the steamship, met me. Pausing for a moment, he hastily grasped my hand, wringing it in the heartiest fashion.

"Why, hello, Bish!" exclaimed he, "so you're back, too, are you?"



Lady—"Very healthy place, is it? Have you any idea what the death-rate is here?"

Caretaker—"Well, mum, I can't 'zactly say; but it's about one apiece all round."—*Punch.*



Pedestrian—How is it your miles are so plaguey long in this neighborhood?

Pat—Why, you see, your honor, our roads are not in a very good condition, so we give people very good measure, and we always advise them to wear Swope's shoes. The store is at 311 N. Broadway, St. Louis, St. Louis, Mo.

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## CULT OF BEAUTY WORSHIP.

BY THE MARQUIS OF CASTELLANE.

The cult of beauty worship inaugurated by Miss Isadora Duncan, the American dancer, is bearing fruit in Paris. A club has been formed by numerous pretty Parisiennes whose object is to carry out as far as possible Miss Duncan's ideas as to classic dress, etc., thereby divesting themselves of all garments except such draperies as are absolutely required by the most elementary modesty. It is no unusual sight nowadays to meet during the fashionable hour in the Bois de Boulogne these devotees of a classic renaissance reclining gracefully in their victorias, with bare head, arms and legs, their feet encased in sandals, and their hair en bandeaux. Corsets, stockings and gloves will have to go, and an American classic dancer will have it on her conscience.

While visiting Geneva recently I had the curiosity to inquire what had become of Giron, the young Frenchman whose evil fascination had brought so much unhappiness to the already wretched Crown Princess Louise of Saxony, I found that his fascinations, which were limited to a pair of blue eyes and a good tailor, had met with their just deserts. At first helped along by newspaper notoriety, he maintained himself with a certain style, but since that has worn off fortune has deserted him, and, notwithstanding his blue eyes and blond hair, he is forced to obtain his livelihood by giving French lessons at two francs an hour in one of the suburbs of Lausanne.

While in the vicinity of Lake Lemane, as the Lake of Geneva was formerly known, I visited the three great historic villas upon its banks. I began my pilgrimage at Pregny, the most gorgeous and luxurious of them all, in whose parks full grown trees procured from all parts of Switzerland were planted at an enormous expense. Pregny is owned by the Baroness Adolph de Rothschild, whose husband was the head of the famous banking firm at Naples. Being the private banker of the Bourbon family, he attended to all their financial affairs and amassed a tremendous fortune of \$100,000,000 in their service. In

the latter days of his life he spent enormous sums upon his homes in Paris and Geneva. But in his extreme old age he settled definitely at Pregny, which he beautified to such an extent that it is looked upon as the handsomest villa in Switzerland. At the last, when his mind began to fail, it was not an unusual sight to meet this wandering king of finance upon the high road, accompanied by a gorgeous flunky, lifting his hat and holding out his hand for alms to passers-by.

The second villa of note is that of Coppet, whose name recalls all the illustrious personages of the eighteenth century, toward the close of which the intellectual class of France took refuge in Switzerland. Rousseau, Voltaire, Tronchin, Necker, Mme. de Stael and Benjamin Constant all were successively guests at this enchanting place. It was there that some watched afar the last days of a monarchy which they had striven to save by reforming, and others relentlessly conspired against the despotism of Napoleon. The first owner of Coppet was M. Necker, the minister of finance of King Louis XIV. Necker and his wife were such a devoted couple that they decided to be buried in the same casket. The story goes that Mme. Necker died first and was placed in a receptacle filled with alcohol, and it was not long ago that by skillfully slipping a twenty-franc piece into the hand of the keeper of Coppet, the visitor was allowed to see M. Necker floating peacefully above his spouse in the same glass casket.

The third and last of these historical villas is Bassaraba, situated at the entrance of the small town of Evian. It is there that during the last 20 years the high-class society of Geneva has congregated, under the auspices of Prince de Brancovan. This Roumanian prince is a great, good fellow, and though he has a most ferocious look, he is one of the most generous of men. Under his patronage all that are stylish and talented and lovers of sport have been welcome guests at Bassaraba, and the little town of Evian has become a very fashionable watering place. By attracting so many people there and spending large sums in beautifying the little Savoyan town, he won the gratitude of its population, who erected a statue in his honor. His daughter, the Countess Mathieu de Noailles, the well known poetess, who has endeared herself to the population of Evian, will also some day doubtless have her statue. The country people speak of her affectionately only as "Our Lady."

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## DIARY OF ROMAN POLITICIAN

(The Diary of Julius, a Roman politician. Dug up from under the ruins of the Roman Forum.)

June the Ides—Yesterday was a most momentous day. For a delegation of the Faithful got into a chariot and went down to Esopus, which lieth over beyond the Appian Way, and conducted the Great Test.

And I must say it was eminently successful.

After the caucus, during which Cashless Penurious and I and Spurious Jaggius agreed upon Altonious Parkus as the only available candidate, we determined to see if the prospective candidate possessed that great attribute—silence.

So we went down to Esopus, conscious of the tremendous moment attached to our pilgrimage.

We found Altonious Parkus in the Baths. "Come out of it!" said Cashless Penurious. "We are about to offer you as a sacrifice!"

Altonious Parkus came slowly ashore. We waited breathlessly, but he said no word. Slowly, very slowly, he waded ashore and began untying the knots the farmer boys had put in his shirt. This was the crucial moment. We nearly fainted with apprehension, but Altonious Parkus said no word. His face grew red and he breathed hard but he said no word.

"We have come to learn your views on the Money Question!" said Cashless Penurious.

Altonious Parkus bent down and with great dignity detached a crab from the great toe of his left foot. But he said no word.

"And we want your views on Imperialism!" said Spurious Jaggius. "Also we want to know how you'll come through with beer money!"

Altonious Parkus, that grand statesman who is soon to lead the party of Democratus to a glorious defeat, looked wise and said naught. Whereat we burst into tears of joy and thanksgiving.

We held our breath as he slowly pulled his shirt over his head, reached around and spanked an audacious mosquito which had seized the moment of vantage to sample some of the judicial blood on a spot farthest from the august sight.

"Come and have a drink!" said I.

Slowly—very slowly—the left eyelid flickered—but so slightly that it would have escaped the eye of one less vigilant than the committee from the party of Democratus, which, through long experience, has learned to watch for such signs. Quickly we repaired to the sign of the Three Gladiators and sat down, while the white-aproned slave came hurrying.

"What'cha have, gents?" he said.

Again we held our breath and watched in a fever of apprehension. Slowly—very slowly—Altonious held up three fingers!

"The country is saved!" gasped Cashless Penurious, and fell from his seat in a swoon.—*Lowell O. Reese in Leslie's Weekly.*



## CONFEDERATE MONEY

That Confederate money was never taken seriously is well illustrated in the following story told by the late Gen. John B. Gordon, and which, as far as can be ascertained, has never appeared in print:

One day during a temporary cessation of hostilities between the opposing forces a tall, strapping Yankee rode into the Confederate camp on a sorry-looking old horse to effect a trade for some tobacco.

"Hullo, Yank!" hailed one of a number of Confederate soldiers lolling about on the grass in front of a tent, "that's a right smart horse youall got there."

"Think so," returned the Yank.

"Yes, what'll you take for him?"

"Oh, I don't know."

"Well, I'll give you \$7,000 for him," bantered the Confederate.

"You go to blazes!" indignantly returned the Yank; "I've just paid \$10,000 of your money to have him curried."—*October Lippincott's.*



John Skelton Williams, who used to be president of the Seaboard Air Line, is a good friend of Samuel Spencer, president of the Southern Railway. The friends of the two are fond of springing on them this story: In sending out complimentary passes to officials of the Seaboard system it happened through error that the Southern agent sent to Mr. Williams a pass marked "Not good on the Washington & Southwestern Limited." When he received it Mr. Williams looked up the Seaboard pass that was to be sent to Mr. Spencer. With a pen he wrote across it: "Not good on passenger trains."



One of Senator Tillman's favorite stories concerns an old ducky who was taken very ill. He called in a physician of his own race, but after a time, as there were no signs of improvement, a white doctor was summoned. Soon after arriving the doctor felt the old man's pulse and then examined his tongue. "Did your other doctor take your tem-

perature?" was the first question he the ducky; "I hain't missed anything asked. "I don't know, boss," replied but my watch as yit."



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**BUSINESS WOMEN'S ATTIRE.**

There is a whisper going the rounds of business offices in which women are employed that employers are getting more fussy every day. Some of the older women point out complainingly that there was a time when practically all a man did or said when engaging a woman clerk was to look at her credentials and ask how much salary she wanted.

That was in the days when women stenographers were almost scarce, when women typewriters were less plentiful than they have since become, and when a burning desire for an independent supply of pocket money did not so often impel girls as soon as they put on long dresses to apply for office employment.

At any rate, whatever the reason, it seems to be true that since the supply of women stenographers and typewriters has grown to exceed the demand employers are becoming more and more exacting in regard to the appearance of the young women they engage to work for them. This is just as true of the large uptown dry goods stores which employ thousands of women as it is in downtown offices and wholesale business concerns.

A young girl came out from an office building the other day, her nose in the air, her face flushed with indignation.

"The idea!" she exclaimed to a waiting friend. "That horrid man told me that he expected his clerks to wear high linen collars and not a low neck waist. Just as if my waist could be called low neck!"

The girl was wearing a white cotton waist cut round at the throat and finished with a narrow edging instead of a high neckband. In place of the neckband was a string of blue beads.

Afterward in speaking of the occurrence the unappreciative employer, who seemed to be anything but hard-hearted, said:

"I am awfully tired of seeing dressed up clerks in this office. I don't mean to have any more of them. These are not show parlors.

"The women clerks don't have to receive visitors nor to entertain customers. Stenographers and typewriters are

here to do that work and nothing else.

"I believe there are still offices in this city who like to make a showpiece of the stenographer, just as there are restaurants which employ none but exceedingly pretty cashiers; but they are comparatively few and far between. The great majority of business houses hire stenographers to work, and they make no distinction between men and women.

"In fact, in the business world to-day the question of sex is not considered in laying down rules. If woman wants to compete with man and do it successfully she must not look for special privileges.

"Now, in the case of dress, for instance, I think a woman's business dress ought to be neat, inconspicuous, serviceable. Gauzy fabrics which reveal the neck and arms, chains, floating ribbons, and flashy jewelry are certainly not appropriate accessories to a business uniform.

"I made the discovery long ago that the girl who is much fixed up in business hours generally works with her eye on the clock and puts her hat on at least five minutes before it is time to go, and that sort never becomes valuable to her employer, no matter how smart she may be at her work."

"I think it is only a question of time when the rule now in vogue in the best dry goods stores in regard to saleswomen will apply to stenographers, typewriters, all women employes. In those stores black dresses are demanded. None may wear a colored gown, not even heads of departments. In one store the manager goes so far as to prohibit even a turnover collar of blue, pink, red, or any other bright tint. Turnovers must be white or else none can be worn. Neither are fancy chains nor showy jewelry tolerated.

"Yet I think some business men are going too far. I do not always find that the plainest appearing girls are the best workers, or that the girl who touches up her hair and wears bows in it is bound to take little or no interest in her work. Far from it.

"An almost infallible test I find is this: When talking with an applicant, if she gives me her whole attention, keeps her eyes in front of her no matter who passes behind her or at her side, or in and out of the office, until our interview is over, I am satisfied that that girl will be able to concentrate on her work.

"What business men are looking for is women who in business hours can put their attention on their work and keep it there. No other sort is of any value, no matter what sort of regalia she wears or what color hair she has.

"I have noticed, though, that dark haired girls are less given to primping in office hours and less flirtatious and appear to be less taken up with outside interests of their own than the blondes."

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NEW BOOKS

"THE INTERNATIONAL STUDIO:" CHANGE OF PRICE.

"The International Studio," which has been steadily advancing in artistic and literary value during its existence in the United States, announces a change of price to begin October 25, from \$3.50 to \$5.00 a year and 35 cents to 50 cents a copy. The magazine affords a complete survey of American art in particular and the world's art in general, containing among its attractive features each month a number of color plates, besides numerous full-page plates in mezzotint, photogravure, colotype, lithography, etc.; upwards of 150 black and white illustrations and 130 pages of text—criticism of current performance as well as art matters of older interest and a comprehensive survey of art news. The important place occupied to-day by American arts and crafts in the world's art field is reflected in the attention given them in *The International Studio*, one-fourth of each issue being now devoted to the work and workers of the United States. The publisher, John Lane, offers to receive new subscriptions and renewals of old subscriptions before October 25 at the old rate. This includes renewals dating from any month whatever, the only requirement being that the order for renewal and the remittance be received before October 25.



A NEW CARD GAME.

A new card game, known as "Stage" has just made its appearance. The game consists of sixty-six cards, forty-nine of them bearing the portraits of popular actors and actresses, play artists recognized as leaders in tragedy, grand opera, drama, comedy, farce, vaudeville and comic opera. The object of the game is for a player to get a "full house," seven cards of a kind, which is not so easy, since the card, "blizzard," may prevent a "full house." Other cards in the game bear the names "deadhead," "holiday," "theater," "audience," each of which has a certain value, the value of same depending upon whether the card is held by a winner or a loser. Then a certain number of cards in dealing are put in the "green-room," and it complicates matters a little to get them out. As a card game it is amusing and entertaining, and during the play one becomes familiar with the features of the prominent actors and actresses, and the branch of theatrics in which they are engaged. From "doors open" and "curtain's up" to the close of the game "houseful," the play proceeds with varying interest and considerable excitement. The game is put up in a neat cardboard box, with printed instructions for play, and retails for 50 cents.



*First passenger* (promenading on the deck of a liner in midocean, to second passenger, leaning disconsolately against the rail)—"Have you dined?"

*Second passenger* (dejectedly)—"On the contrary."—*Harper's Weekly*.



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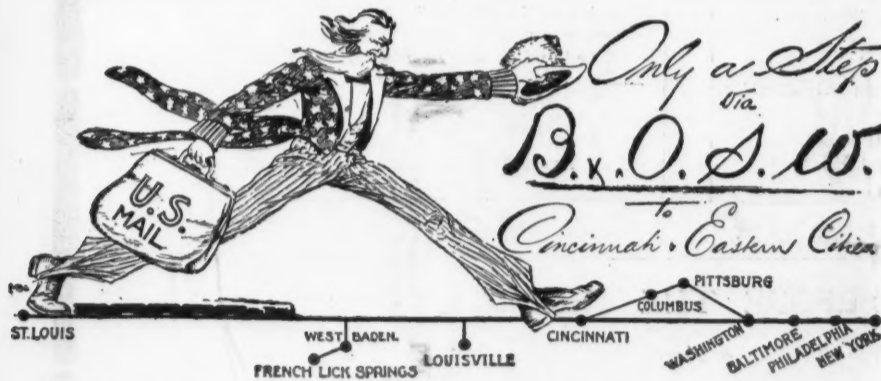
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Any fractions of a number annexed to an estimate will be disregarded and the estimate taken to mean the number submitted with the fraction omitted.

Remittances, whether by express order, money order or check, must accompany every estimate and be made payable to The Commercial Tribune. Mail communications should be directed to the Manager of The Commercial Tribune Award Bureau, P. O. Box 817, Cincinnati, O.

After an estimate has been received and registered, no changes therein will be permitted.

Acknowledgments of all remittances received for estimates will be made as promptly as possible.

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